

ELIZA,
A
NOVEL:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY MRS. YEATES,
Daughter of the late HOLLAND COOKSEY, ESQ.
Of BRACES LEIGH, in the County of Worcester.

" Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
" Nature her debt, than disappointed live;
" With each new sun, to some new hope a prey,
" Yet still to-morrow, falser than to-day."

HOM. OD.

VOL. II.

Lambeth:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. TIBSON,
No. 7, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD;
And sold by C. CHAPPLE, Pall-Mall; J. and E. KERBY,
Old Bond-Street; J. LEE, No. 77, Fleet-Street;
and WEST and HUGHES, Paternoster-Row.

1800.

PRICE 7s. SEWED.

ANNE

1770

1771

1772

1773

1774

1775

ELIZA.

CHAP. X.

THE reading of *Juliet's* history, had taken up many days; but as nothing material occurred during its recital, I thought it better, not to intercept the course of the history, in which our two young friends had been so much interested, that they scarce attended to any thing else; notwithstanding the *Marquis* had frequently been to pay his respects, and seemed each time to be more captivated with the interesting

ELIZA; but her thoughts being totally absorbed in the idea of her dear *Eugene*, and the amiable light in which he appeared at the sequel of *Juliet's* history, had riveted him more strong than ever, if possible, in her affections; though he had been obliged to mention the victory he had gained over himself, when he had the fair *Juliet* in his power. That he liked her, ELIZA was certain, and could hardly help being jealous of the poor ill-fated girl. Though her errors were great, yet ELIZA thought she surely was sufficiently punished, by what she had suffered in this world, and hoped heaven had taken her lingering soul from hence, and given it a quiet asylum there.

“Happy *Juliet*,” cried ELIZA to *Helen*
“I wish I had been the first object of *Eugene's* affection; he never can like me half so well indeed. Is it not evident that he does not, or he would have followed me here instantly? but perhaps he thinks it an imprudent attachment, and is gone to

endeavour to forget—to endeavour—oh ! I fear he will find that a very easy matter. I wish I could find it easy to forget him ; but I find, if I should even know that he hated me, I could not help loving him.”

“ For shame,” replied *Helen*, what makes you talk at this rate ; I will have no more of *Eugene*, and his boasted victory over himself. He wished to recommend himself to you, by being a second *Joseph Andrews*, or he would not have sent you this history of himself. I think he had no occasion to dwell so long on the scene of the common ; though to be sure I think it was no *common* occurrence ; therefore I do not wonder at its making so forcible an impression, as every trifling circumstance, when it has so unfortunate a termination, must certainly be forcibly imprinted on the memory. I do not now wonder at his melancholy looks, which we used so often to take notice of, when we first met him at Bath, as I dare swear it was owing to

the regret he felt at his platonism, which no doubt, he is sorry for to this moment. I, indeed, thought him a love-sick swain, but I find I was much mistaken. I wonder what has become of this *Edwin*—suppose we were to go to the convent, (where perhaps *Matilda* now is) and probably we may hear more of this dreadful catastrophe. I dare say the circumstances of it, are still fresh in the memory of the nuns—but would have been, no doubt, still fresher, if one of the nuns, or the abbess, had been with *Eugene*, instead of *Juliet*, and had happened to have given him the same encouragement she did; I think he would really properly have been thought the old woman which he represented, if he had behaved in the same manner he did to *Juliet*."

"How can you, *Helen*," said ELIZA, "think women so bad, and laugh, as you do, at virtue in men;—as if you really believed they possessed none."

“ Sometimes, ELIZA, I grant you they do ;” replied *Helen*; it ought to be prized when found, because it is something like a comet, too wonderful to be common.— Now we are got on the *common* again: that common scene, or rather *uncommon* one, will never be out of my head, or your heart. But we must have done with your dear enamorata, and his love-sick tales, and think of the *Marquis*, *balls*, *front-boxes*, and the *ring*.”

“ How can you talk to me, of the *Marquis*,” said ELIZA, when you know I love none on earth but *Eugene*.” “ Then ELIZA,” said *Helen*, “ you candidly confess, that you (though *Eugene* is the only one on earth you love) have your flirtations elsewhere; I presume in heaven; some fat, round, rosy cheeked cherub, I suppose.” “ Why, *Helen*, your thoughts are in the clouds.” replied ELIZA.—“ So they are, my dear,” said *Helen*, “ and I wish I was there myself; and if you would

persuade your favorite cherub to lend me his wings, then would I fly away, and be at rest. But seriously, ELIZA, I am unhappy at the thought of your refusing the *Marquis de Belgardè*, for the sake of *Eugene*. Consider, my dear, but for a moment, the difference between your two lovers; the *Marquis*, whom you seem to so much dislike, is sensible, well informed, of manners elegant, and his affection for you, unparalleled. *Eugene*, to be sure, is young and handsome; in that you are in love with him, and that makes him every thing in your eyes. Now suppose, he were to marry you, which at this moment is the height of your wishes: Why, he certainly—

“ Would gild your ruin with the name of wife,

“ And make you a poor virtuous wretch for life.”

On the contrary, with the *Marquis*, he would place you in the sphere of life, you have been accustomed to move in; and

depend on what I say—you will never be happy, unless you again become the mistress of another *Golden Grove*."

"Oh!" replied ELIZA, "I should be far more happy in a cottage with *Eugene*, than in a palace with the *Marquis*."

"A cottage" replied *Helen*, "might be very agreeable, if the daughter of *Sir Edward Mortimore*, had been accustomed to milk cows, knit and spin;—yes! then would *the swallow twittering from the straw built thatch*, be more pleasing to the ear, than the finest composition of Handel. Trust me, my dear, that in the theory of happiness you are quite mistaken. To you who have known the blessed sweets of plenty—heart-rending thought—to fall from elegance, pomp, and luxury! To inhabit a low roofed cot! To hear the rain beat on the paper your ingenuity had placed for window panes, to prevent the wet from annoying, probably a poor sick child, whom from penury, you cannot relieve,

even by a drop of milk; it would be with difficulty you had gathered together, a few leaves, to warm a little bread and water, to prevent its starving! You, and *Eugene*, who have been accustomed to the festive board, and bannered hall, to be driven all at once, to exist on the tasteless viands, and the joyless spring, is what you could not bear."

"*Helen*," said ELIZA, "your arguments have prevailed. I may be miserable, but I never will plunge the objects of my tenderest regard, in want and penury.—No! he shall never look on me as the cause of his ruin! *Eugene* will, no doubt, be beloved by some greater favorite of fortune, and forget in the arms of wealth, the poor portionless ELIZA."

After this conversation, ELIZA appeared more cheerful, and to suffer the addresses of the *Marquis* with more apparent complacency. She now accepted of his carriage, and it was always at her com-

mand. It is dangerous to accept of favors, as the conferrer of them always expects some return; if they do not, they are generous indeed.

Another circumstance which ELIZA remarked, without daring to ask herself from whence it came, was a visible alteration in their style of living. Venison—game, &c. were perpetually sent to her father. ELIZA was quite hurt at the sight of any thing which reminded her of the *Marquis's* goodness; for though she felt that she owed him gratitude, yet her rebel heart refused him love. For as *Madam de St. Martin*, justly observes—speaking of the passion of love, “It depends not on us who we ought to love, it is to the heart alone the right of choice belongs, and that is a prerogative, that tyrant love will never give up. Love is jealous of those laws, which reason would impose, to shew his power, and that he acts without controul: mankind are often

the sport of his caprice, wherein reason is not permitted to bear a part."

ELIZA loved *Eugene*, though she now, from her father's persuasions, and *Helen's* reasoning, had suffered the addresses of the *Marquis*; and as she now began to look upon herself as his intended wife, she very abruptly broke off all correspondence with *Eugene*, without assigning any reason. But he still continued to write to her; for though she acted so far right in her silence, yet she could not forbid him to write; and he imputing her silence to the carelessness of the post, rather than neglect in ELIZA, still embraced every opportunity in writing. We forgive as long as we love; he forgave this seeming neglect:—still dwelling on the idea, that inconstancy was impossible to exist in a bosom so fraught with every excellence, as he imagined ELIZA's to be, his letters only served to increase the regard, which ought now, to be for ever erased from her memory.

The *Marquis* at length made proposals to her father ; who one morning calling ELIZA into his study, and with a look of anguish which pierced her soul, said, “ ELIZA, my loved child, I am old and feeble, my end is fast approaching ;—what will become of thee, embitters each moment of the remnant of a life, which to me has long been tedious. If then, you would wish to make your father’s latter days happy, let me see you united to the deserving *Marquis de Belgardè*, who will place you in the exalted situation in life, your merits deserve, and your birth entitles you to. I would not wish you to think me a severe father, but to consider me as your friend, your adviser.”

ELIZA, who had, during this trying scene, been leaning on *Helen*, and had almost fainted ; threw herself at the feet of her father, and bursting into tears, said, “ Take this hand, and consign it to whom you please ;—to the *Marquis*, or any one

who meets your approbation. Happy will the owner be, if by thus shewing her obedience, she can contribute to give the author of her being a moment's happiness."

"Rise my ELIZA," said her father, "what means this paroxism of grief? Have you bestowed your affections elsewhere?"—

"Oh! no, no," said ELIZA, blushing; "love, shall never lead *Eliza Mortimore*, to disgrace her family."

Here *Sir Edward*, to change the discourse, addressed *Helen*. "And what will become of you, my dear *Helen*, when I am taken from you?"

"Oh!" replied she, "I shall do very well; for he, who providently caters for the sparrow, will find me a nest; but if I am a bird, I will be a martin, because that is under the peculiar care of providence; its very name will insure me a reception; and I shall be thought an acquisition in any house, even in the house of commons. But as, (since the days of Ovid,) we do

not hear of many metamorphoses, I fear, I cannot be so happy, as to have any chance of becoming a bird. I'll be a nun, and if ever convents should be abolished, why, perhaps, as my cousin has found a *Marquis*, I may find a duke, who will give refuge to nuns, who determine to live a chaste and good life."

ELIZA, grave as she had been, could not help smiling at the gaiety of her cousin. Our party soon after separated; and the searcher of all hearts, alone, could tell, which was the happiest; but if a conjecture may be hazarded, neither of them were perfectly so.

ELIZA, instead of thinking as the generality of her simple sex, in her situation, would have done, of dress and equipage, shew and splendor, thought only of *Eugene*, and the distance that separated them; and that they were now about to be separated for ever. Pardon me, my female readers, for the word *simple*, as I

believe most of you had much rather have your characters defamed, than your wits suspected. But the word simple, has escaped my pen, and I cannot recall it, as I made a resolve, when necessity first compelled me to write these memoirs, that I would never recall or amend what I wrote, as my disposition is too idle, to give myself much trouble about any thing. Though I own it has ever been my wish and ambition, to please my friends in particular, and the world in general, therefore I will confess, that as I am a female, the word *simple*, was *mal apropos*. Some will say, that I wish to please the men ;—and I thought there could not be a surer way, than by depreciating the women ; and by so doing, give the superiority of understanding, to the lords of the creation.



ELIZA.

CHAP. XI.

THE preparations, and all the gaudy trappings, which were destined to adorn the poor ELIZA, she viewed with much the same feelings as *Dido* did her funeral pile.

Our heroine could now, on no pretence, delay her marriage, though she endeavoured to do it by various pretexts, as long as she possibly could.

The fatal morning now arrived, which was to see her the bride of the *Marquis de Belgardé*, and not only mistress of his heart, but what, by the brides of these days would be considered as a far greater treasure, his vast possessions.

ELIZA was almost dead with grief, her gentle soul had not the fortitude to resist the importunities of a lover, much less the wishes and the tender anxiety of a much loved father: who would have sacrificed the whole world, had it been in his power, to have purchased his dear child one moment's repose. She scarcely spoke, the colour had forsaken her cheeks, and when her bridal ornaments were put on, she said to *Helen*, (who gaily took her to see herself in the glass) "My shroud would far better become me."

"Away with these nonsensical fancies," said the cousin, "let us go and take a view of the *Marquis's* new coach, or rather your's now, my dear, I have seen

it once, but it is so beautiful, I must go again. Supporters are such charming things, would I had them! and, but oh! I forgot I am an heiress, and must have had a escutcheon of *pretence*. Then I would have had happiness somehow portrayed."

Poor ELIZA's spirits were too low to allow her even to smile at her cousin's volatility; she would not see the *Marquis* until the instant before he led her to the carriage; she alighted at the church-door, and leaning on her friend *Helen*, with trembling feet she reached the altar. The *Marquis* took no notice of her embarrassment, he considered it as only the effect of bashfulness. She went through the ceremony with great fortitude; but when the last blessing was pronounced, unable to bear the conflict of duty and love in her bosom, she fell lifeless on the ground, and was some time before she recovered. Remorse, at the instant she fainted, pene-

trated her soul, and she thought, how could she, in the presence of her Maker, swear to love the *Marquis*, when her heart, her soul, was *Eugene's*; but how little fortitude have some women.

The trial, to ELIZA, was a severe one; and though duty, in a great measure, induced her, yet she could not hide from her heart, that one very powerful inducement, which gave the *Marquis de Belgardé* the preference, was, the riches he possessed; and *Eugene*, (the man whom she had vowed strictly to love, and that no earthly power should shake her constancy to him,) was poor.

Oh! gold! thou bane to felicity!—thou fiend, who destroys the happiness of millions! Thou cursed ore!—Would to heaven! thou hadst been for ever buried in the bowels of the earth, from whence thou wer't taken, where thou wer't hid by an all-wise Creator, who knew the

baneful effect thou wouldst have, if ever mankind discovered thee!

But man! ingenious man! who is ever, by some means or other, courting, nay, even seeking his own destruction; dived into the deep recesses of the earth, to discover and drag out that destructive ore; which, since its appearance in the world—has caused, divisions in families; separated the tenderest ties of loves and friendships; caused kings to war, and nations to rebel; and on the present occasion, has separated ELIZA for ever from the amiable *Eugene*.

The marriage was kept at the *chateau* of the *Marquis*, in the most magnificent style that luxury would wish, or variety invent, and no expence was spared to give it that eclat the magnificence of the *Marquis* could wish.

The *Marquis* was so tenderly attached to ELIZA, that he seemed to exist only

in her presence, when she was absent only but a few hours, he was miserable ; he was so partial to her, that he even was jealous of the attention which she paid her friend *Helen*, and began to grow impatient at their being always together ; as, since ELIZA's marriage, *Helen* had resided at the *chateau*. He hinted this about a month after, and said, “ *Sir Edward* surely must be very lonely without a companion, as he has now lost his daughter.” ELIZA, much as she wished the society of her dear cousin, she wished, likewise, in every respect, to oblige the *Marquis*, she, therefore, bore the separation from her friend with an apparent cheerfulness.

The *Marquis*, though he had behaved with the greatest politeness to ELIZA's friend, yet he was secretly glad when she left the *chateau* ; as he now hoped for more of ELIZA's company. He would, indeed, have detested any one who robbed

him of her partiality; and he knew that ELIZA and *Helen* were inseparable companions, therefore, he thought, when they were separated, she would be more attached to him; as the *Marquis* was by no means wanting in penetration, he could not help perceiving a degree of coldness towards him, which was not consistent with the idea he had, of the tenderness and affection he should meet with, from the companion he had chosen for life.

The *Marquis*, though he possessed many great and amiable qualities—yet he had one great fault, if I may be allowed to give it so gentle a term. He was revengeful, and never forgave a real, or supposed injury—and, as he had married a woman near twenty years younger than himself, he thought he saw a lover in every man that approached her; yet he was obliged to conquer that jealousy in some degree, which, indeed, was only owing to his too great partiality and un-

bounded love to ELIZA, which she was by no means deserving of, as she was insensible and regardless of his most tender attention. The *Marquis* now thought it high time to go to *Paris*, in order to introduce the *Marchioness* at the court of *Versailles*, where he knew she would be an ornament; and he felt a secret gratification, in shewing of so brilliant a jewel as his wife. He was as proud of her, as he was of any other appendage to his greatness. He, his lady, and retinue, set out for *Paris*, where we hope, ELIZA will forget in the assiduity of a tender and affectionate husband, such as the *Marquis*, and the gaiety and splendor of a court, her first and only attachment—the much loved, and still lamented *Eugene*.

Here, leaving ELIZA in the gay world, we will return to *Sir Edward*, *Helen*, and their peaceful retreat;—but first, we will give our reader, some account of *William Mortimore*, the son, whom they were now in daily expectation of.

ELIZA.

CHAP. XII.

WILLIAM MORTIMORE had been sent on his travels, in company with the son of the banker, with whom *Sir Edward* had confided the greatest part of his fortune. From the account we have already given of *William*, we cannot conceive he has made a favorable impression on the reader; we are therefore constrained to shew him, such as he really was.

Young *Irvine*, (the name of his companion) had before run the career of what is called the grand tour; which in general, is only running from one scene of dissipation to another. There may be some, but they are very few, who travel for the sake of real improvement, and increase their knowledge, while they improve their manners. *Irvine* was far from being one of these; he had travelled it is true;—but it was, because it was the fashion; it was the *ton*: and not to have been in all, or most of the European courts, you could hardly be considered as one of the *beau monde*; and to be considered as one, he sacrificed both his health and fortune. The former he had lost by associating with the fashionable opera girls and demireps of the town, and the latter he had ruined, by frequenting the *Savoirvivre*, and other gambling houses most in vogue.

This was the person fixed on by *Sir Edward*, to introduce his son (as it is

termed) into the world. But *Sir Edward* had only seen him for a few days, when he came to pay a visit to his son, during the hunting season : and as he rode well, talked well, dressed well, and mentioned as his intimate acquaintance, princes, margraves, margravines, dukes and duchesses, and could repeat many pretty things said to him by each; *Sir Edward* thought him the best person his son could have, to introduce him to foreign courts, where he had designed to send him.

They set out highly elated; young *Mortimore* particularly so, as he had received unlimited credit from his father. In Paris, our two young gentlemen were received with the greatest apparent friendship, by all the old acquaintances of his companion, and they were engaged in a constant succession of agreeable parties. The amiable *Marchioness de Bellevue*, and her accomplished daughter they frequently met. This charming girl embellished every

society she graced with her presence, and was unfortunate enough to gain the attention of *William Mortimore*. Lively to excess, she entered into every party that promised amusement, with the greatest avidity; and *William* was struck with her charms, which were of the most dazzling kind; large black eyes, clear brunette complexion, heightened by the custom she was obliged to give into of wearing *rouge*; tall and well formed, she seemed to command you to love, and he was not formed to resist the fair; especially when she was at that time, the reigning toast of the day. He languished at her feet, so much was he absorbed by his new passion, that he had scarce any time to devote to other ladies. However, young *Irvine* found means to draw him frequently to the gaming tables, where imperceptibly he lost large sums of money; nor did he perceive that his friend was generally the winner. For near six weeks, he had led a life the most abandoned; yet in spite of it, *Mortimore* had

found means to render himself agreeable to *Mademoiselle de Bellevue*.

But as she was designed by her family for one of the first families in France, they had many difficulties to encounter. But what will not love surmount? He found means to bribe her maid and confessor to his interest;—to accomplish a favorite scheme, there was nothing he would stop at, if perdition had been the consequence, and to obtain such a prize, who would not have run some risk?

Her family perceiving *William Mortimore* was not indifferent to her, and fearing it might be prejudicial to the engagements they had formed for her, forbid him the house. This put the young couple to the exercise of their wits, to find out different expedients to meet, which they did at last to some purpose. For one morning, at the convent of *St. Ursuline*, her confessor united them. Inauspicious nuptials! No bridal pomp, no friends to hail the wedded

pair, and bless them with the voice of joy and gladness; but with fear and trembling, this ceremony was performed, lest any one should discover this act of disobedience. Yet happy in each other, they thought not of any thing, but how they could most contribute to each other's felicity. At least such was the thought of *Mademoiselle dé Bellevue*, now *Mrs. Mortimore*;—her whole soul was centered in him; she had, for his sake, lost herself, (whenever it should be discovered) as she knew her family would endeavour to set aside the marriage. As for him, I am sorry to say, he only considered her as a new woman, and to gain a woman like her, was what he thought would give him the greatest eclat in the world, and to obtain her was to him the greatest pleasure. He did not care if he fought and killed her father, brother, and uncles; all of whom he knew he would offend by this step, and that he ran the risk of a challenge, from at least one amongst them, whenever it should be

discovered ; and that it certainly must be known, one day or other.

Some officious person soon discovered their clandestine meetings. For as they were under the necessity of employing a variety of agents, to enable them to effect those meetings, it was no wonder, one amongst them, made the discovery, especially, as it was always held out, to be a secret. There are those people in the world, who delight in nothing on earth so much as revealing a secret ; especially, when it tells against the character of a young and beautiful female, and few of those who were acquainted with their meetings, knew of their marriage. Her mother was first informed ; she then keeping her daughter more close than ever, would never let her stir out, but when accompanied by herself ; yet she would not tell any other part of the family, lest it should come to the knowledge of her son, whose violent temper she knew would

not let such an affront to his family pass, without challenging the offender. It was therefore a policy in her to keep it concealed from her son, as she was dotingly fond of him, and trembled at each blast that blew, lest it should injure his health. No wonder then, she wished to keep it secret from him; and, for some time, succeeded.

Mortimore, who wanted an excuse to leave Paris, which, as he had accomplished his end, in gaining the woman he at that time adored; and having seen every thing worth seeing in Paris, and there being now nothing worth staying for, nothing could be more opportune than the departure of his friend. He therefore to reconcile his bride, to his abrupt departure, feigned that the order his friend had received, had been sent to him. He wondered he had not seen her at their usual place of meeting; he received a letter from her signifying the cause of her delay. A trifling

excuse served to reconcile him for her absence, and he was happy for the opportunity it afforded him to pursue his scheme.

He had now been the happy husband of this amiable lady, for upwards of two months; her charms, (though few women could boast more) had not the power to alter the natural fickleness of his disposition. He wrote her a most moving letter, (for he had the power of language to express sentiments he was incapable of feeling) complaining of his hard fate, in being called away at a time when his affection for her was greater than ever, but that there was no resisting arbitrary power, but begged her to remember him in her orisons, and if she prayed for him, he did not doubt, but he should have auspicious gales, and that he should soon be enabled to return to the possession of that happiness, he had been blessed with in her dear society.

It is astonishing—but in spite of the atrocity of his conduct, good luck seemed to attend him ; for if he had not gone immediately at the time he did, *Monsieur de Bellevue*, the brother of this unfortunate lady, having discovered the secret meetings of his sister and young *Mortimore*, vowed to revenge the affront, he considered his family to have received ; but as he did not think him of an equality to fight him, nor indeed if he had, would he have considered it as a sufficient revenge, for he would have seen him expire on the rack with pleasure ; but he intended to apply for a *lettre de cachét*, and have him confined for life ; indeed, sometimes he thought of having him assassinated, and this was the plan, he most wished to adopt.

It was but the morning before *Monsieur de Bellevue*, had formed this design, that young *Mortimore* and *Irvine*, set out from Paris, and as they travelled post, were soon far distant from both brother and sister ;

nor could the sighs of the one, nor the threats of the other, reach him. In England they arrived, safe and well; and were received with joy by their respective families.

Sir Edward, while he pressed his son to his bosom, little imagining the future evils that son would bring on his family; but providence kindly hides from us the evils we may meet with, that it may not embitter our present felicity. ELIZA was then at school, but the young *Helen* welcomed the return of her brother, with all that rapture ELIZA would have done, and youthful minds generally feel, at the arrival of a relation they have been accustomed to live with: and *Helen* felt for her cousin, as lively an affection, as if he really had been her brother—indeed, she considered him as such. Young *Mortimore* embraced his cousin with transports he could not suppress. “How much this wild girl is improved!” cried he, “I could

scarce imagine a twelvemonth could have made such a difference." This improvement of *Helen's*, quite captivated her cousin, and from this first meeting, he had determined on her ruin! She innocent, and unsuspecting, but too easily fell a prey to his design. However, we will not trouble our readers with any further detail on this, having given a very full account of the unfortunate *Helen's* fall, in a former part of this history.

As *Irvine* and *Mortimore* had completed their tour, as soon as the former had settled the business which had brought him from the Continent, he wrote to his friend to be in readiness to set out; as young *Irvine* fell under a kind of restraint while in London, his father being there, and some kind friend or other was sure to inform him of every thing his son did; and old *Irvine* had a particular dislike to gambling, and often threatened he would disinherit his son if he found

him addicted to this pernicious vice, this being young *Irvine's* foible; a foible he could not get the better of, and carried to excess, as he did, it certainly was a vice, and a most fatal one it generally is, as it is so infatuating, that it leads its votaries on by imperceptible degrees, to a length they never intended to go; with a hope of still redeeming what they have lost, and makes them hazard all to gain all. As young *Irvine* generally met with success, he was impatient for a renewal of those scenes which would bring him to enjoy his favorite amusement, and, probably, with greater success; while he was laying plans to accomplish his favorite scheme, that of accumulating, in an idle way, vast gains, his father, unfortunately, from a like motive, but in a different manner, for no toils, no pains, no difficulties, disheartened him from prosecuting a scheme he thought likely to accumulate wealth, for gold was his idol; and it seems it run in the family: for

though his son shewed it in a different way, yet it was the same object he had in view, nor would he venture the immense sums he did, without a hope of gaining still larger. The father had about this time, sunk the greatest part of his fortune in speculation, which promised to be lucrative; he had not ventured in this scheme, his property alone, but that of *Sir Edward Mortimore's*, which had been placed in his care, which scheme failing, he not only involved himself, but also that innocent family, for whom he was concerned; and this added, to the large sum drawn by young *Mortimore* in his last excursion to the Continent, was the occasion of the sudden departure of our heroine's family from England, and the ruin of her once, loved parent, as we before have stated.

Mortimore and his companion were soon prepared for their new expedition, and as neither of them wished to return to *Paris*, for reasons best known to them-

selves,—young *Mortimore*, having been apprized of what the vengeance of *Monsieur de Bellevue* had meditated; they therefore visited the courts of *Germany*, and spent some time at *Vienna*.

In *Germany*, as well as in all other civilized nations, the custom of gambling prevails; young *Irvine*, of course, did not want amusement; the dissipation that prevailed at *Vienna*, the conviviality of the men, and the gaiety and beauty of the ladies, the last, in particular, was quite sufficient to induce *Mortimore* to make some stay there; he was quite the favorite of the ladies in preference to his friend, and no wonder, when his whole time, almost, was devoted to render himself agreeable to them.

Not a concert could be formed, nor a ball given, without young *Mortimore* made one, he played and sung with taste, and danced with elegance; he forgot in

the society of the German ladies, his amiable wife, and his more recently beloved *Helen*; but the love of variety overcame every noble sentiment of his soul, if he could be said to have any other than the wish to render the present moment agreeable. Young *Irvine*, the votary of pleasure, (though in a different way,) found means to draw his friend sometimes to partake of his favorite amusement, and fatally for him, for as he seldom went but when intoxicated with wine, with which, and to live with Germans, was impossible to avoid, or when chagrined by the untimely arrival of the husband of his favorite lady; he lost vast sums, and unknown to himself, as he had nothing to do but sign drafts, to the amount of which, he never afterwards thought of. . But as it often happens, that the innocent suffer for the guilty, which unfortunately happened in the present instance, as the amiable family of young

Mortimore suffered by his thoughtless dissipation of this ill-advised young man.

The unhappy disposition of *William Mortimore* was such, that wherever he went he got into scrapes, and was therefore obliged soon to change the scene and depart for some other strange place; for here having, (though without seeking) gained the affection of the *Baroness Bioché*, and not returning it with the same sentiments, they being placed on another object, she vowed revenge, and "*Hell has no fury like a woman scorned*;" and one night as he was returning from his favorite, he was attacked by two men; but he having his sword, and being very dexterous with it, repulsed them both, in the conflict he unfortunately killed one, which as soon as the other perceived, he made off. Young *Mortimore* made what haste he could home, and giving *Irvine* a brief account of what had happened, they both agreed that no time should be lost in quit-

ting *Vienna*, and that he should go immediately, and that young *Irvine* should follow as soon as he had settled their affairs, and join him at *Rome*.

Thither fate seemed to hasten young *Mortimore*, that he might receive the reward due to his crimes. It was generally known at *Paris* that our young travellers had left England, and meant to visit Rome; and the brother of *Made-moiselle de Bellevue*, or rather *Mrs. Mortimore*, had employed spies at Rome to inform him of their arrival.

Soon after the arrival of *Mortimore* in Rome, and before his friend had joined him, *Monsieur de Bellevue* had the intelligence of his arrival, and the information at the same time reached his fair and mourning wife; whom, though he had totally neglected, yet her love for him still continued, and she hoped time would bring him to a proper sense of his conduct, and

that the seeds of amiability which she thought was by nature sown in him, would spring up, when not choaked by the vices and pleasures of the world; and that when her mother obtained her father's consent, which her mother meant soon to endeavour to do, (she having been apprised of their union,) she meant openly to acknowledge it, and then fly to him wherever he might be, and she had no doubt but they would be happy. But this intention of hers was sooner put in practice than she intended; for her brother, immediately after they received the information, set out, but nobody knew whither; but she, (for love is ever discerning) apprehensively thought he was gone to revenge the family's insult, and to kill her *William Mortimore*, which he had often threatened to do; she, therefore thought it adviseable in her to go immediately to Rome, to save, if possible, her much adored husband, and to mitigate, by her presence, her brother's fury;

but how to elude the watchfulness of her mother, required great ingenuity, and though to part from her was a great grief, yet, when the life of *William* was at stake, all other considerations were trifling. With great difficulty, she at last found means to escape alone in the dead of the night. This amiable and elegant woman travelled the streets of Paris till she came to the cottage of her nurse, (for she had always been her confidant,) where she found a shelter and an hospitable reception. She told her nurse her present intention, and begged her to find some one speedily to accompany her. The Nurse proposed her son, and *Mrs. Mortimore* agreeing, begged no time might be lost in getting them a conveyance, which being procured, they set out, and without any accident reached Rome; but not till a rencountre had taken place between *William* and her brother. They had fought, and both being able swordsmen, they tarried for a considerable time, at length both were

wounded, yet neither would give up; but young *Bellevue*, who was determined to kill his antagonist, if possible, and *Mortimore* being more cool and dexterous, at length mortally wounded *Bellevue*, he fell—the people who stood by, and were witness to the whole transaction, seized *Mortimore*, but he, from the loss of blood, fainted, and thus they thought them both dead; but when they found themselves mistaken, and that it was only *Bellevue*, they had a criminal process issued against *Mortimore*, and had him bound in fetters in a cell in the prison of——— to take his trial for murder. In this situation his unfortunate wife found him, and while her tears fell for her brother, her care and attention was bestowed on *William*.

But before she arrived, her brother had taken care to circulate a report that she was dead, which having reached the ears of *William* when he was in prison, caused him to feel remorse at his conduct

to that angelic woman, and likewise to remember the almost forgotten *Helen*, and to write her a letter, which shall soon appear. The appearance of his amiable *Isabella* after such a report, greatly surprised and pleased him, though it was a pleasure not unmixed with pain, to think of her finding him in such a situation, and the cause. Her very tenderness was a reproach to him, and made him feel the enormity of his crimes with still greater force. A few weeks imprisonment had changed this once gay libertine, who, in the wild career of pleasure, had forgot every sentiment of honor and virtue, into a remembrance of all those duties, he had been bred up in; and he became an affectionate husband and a conscientious man. He felt great regret at the letter he had written to *Helen*, and could not think how he should act should she come to him, though he had no reason to expect such a proof of her tenderness.

ELIZA.

CHAP. XIII.

LEAVING him for the present, under the care of his amiable wife, we return to *Helen*. When instead of seeing *William*, as she expected, she was one morning sitting alone in her chamber, her maid running into her room, and shutting the door with a mysterious air, said in a true abigail way, "I have a letter for you, *Miss Helen*, and I am sure it is from a sweetheart, it has so many heart's on the

seal. Oh! dear, I wish I could receive such a letter from *Timothy*.—Ah! poor *Timothy*! he gave me a crooked sixpence the last time we parted at the bun-house, at Lyncum—I have never liked buns since; the very sight of a brown bun, put's me in mind of *Timothy's* inconstancy; the very crooked sixpence, which was as crooked a one as ever I saw, some how or other, how I never knew, was quite flat when I took it out of my pocket to throw it away, when I heard that the false hearted man was married to *Betty*, the chandler's nurse. I could cry even now, to think what trouble I was in when I took *Miss Nancy* in my arms, in a bleak morning in December, to wait at the garden gate, to see him drive his cart to market: I looked in vain, for he, ungrateful man, drove it down Broad-street, instead of coming by Walcot parade. I wish there had been but one road to the town, I should then have seen him once more, and to have had that pleasure, I would have stayed until my feet

had been froze to the ground: poor little *Miss Nancy*, God help her, caught an ague, but she could not tell how she got it—I can't help crying, to think how he could be so hard-hearted, as to go down Broad-street. I grew quite moping, as a body may say, and could do no work.—My mistress turned me away, but I did not mind that; for as *Timothy* had forsook me, I was fit to hang myself—but I am glad I did not, for I have had a main sight of sweet-hearts since, but I never loved any so well as *Timothy*. There was '*Squire Williams's* fine footman used to play the fool with me, and called me his dear *Medusa*, which I dare say, was some fine outlandish beauty, he thought I was like; and sometimes he said, I was as beautiful as the *Weird Sisters*. He was a larned man, for I never understood a word he said, but I was sorry when he went with *Master William*, to *Hitaly*; I think he said that was the name of the place. Warn't you *Miss* sorry, when *Mas-*

ter William went? as they made the house alive."

This direct appeal to *Helen*, roused her from a reverie, in which she had been absorbed in reading the letter she had just received, which was from this very *William*. She had not attended, indeed, she never did, to the loquacious nonsense of her maid;—but an involuntary exclamation in answer to *Fanny's* last words, of "Would to God! I never had!—escaped her."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Miss," said the talkative *Fanny*; "so he has used you ill: I thought there was no truth in what the country folks said." "And what did they say," said *Helen*, turning pale.

"Only, Miss, that you were ill, when you went to your old nurse to *Aberrist*, for the benefit of the air. It was said, that *Master William* visited you, oftener than the doctor; and indeed, I myself, have

had many a good guinea for setting up for him till six o'clock in the morning, but I did not know, nor believe any thing about it, for all the millers' boy used to say, *Master William* was always going after *Miss Helen*, and that he saw him coming out of *Mrs. Featherstone's* house early in a morning, when he used to take the grist home. All the country knew, that '*Squire Mortimore* was your sweetheart, because you were always walking together on the *Glamorganshire Hills*, and we all thought it would be a match. But heigh! oh! he, I suppose, was like *Timothy*, La, Ma'am, do not look so pale, you know I will do any thing for you, for though I am a poor girl, I love you better than my own father or mother.

"Oh! *Fanny*," said *Helen*, sighing, "will you go with me and be my companion in the journey I am about to take? Will you go from ease and comfort and from the sheltering roof of my

uncle, to a foreign country, where we know not what hardships we may meet with?"

"If *Miss Helen* can go, I will, if my dear Mistress will let me go with her I will live, yes, starve with her."

"Good creature," said *Helen*, "I go to a sick, distressed, imprisoned husband!"

"La! *Miss Helen*, and are you married? Let us go to him? Who is he? Have I ever seen him?" "Yes, often, but be secret," said *Helen*, "get my travelling dress ready, and you, *Fanny*, shall go in boys' cloaths, we shall travel the safer."

Fanny acceded to every thing *Helen* wished and left her to get every thing in readiness.

The letter which occasioned the sudden resolve of *Helen*, was as follows:

“ MY DEAR INJURED HELEN,

“ CONFINED within the walls of a prison for murder, though innocent of that, yet grief, remorse, and repentance distract my very soul.

“ Oh ! Helen ! if you have not obliterated the remembrance of that William Mortimore, who, deaf to the voice of honor, ruined thy peace ; and left the young, the lovely, lisping innocent, a prey to all that grief and anxiety ; he since has doubly felt, deign to listen to my misfortunes.

“ Think what an opinion I must have of your worth, when to you I apply to speak and interest yourself in my behalf to my father, and entreat him to forgive the injuries I have, through imprudence,

brought on him. For know, my Helen, it is to me he owes his reverse of fortune; and my graceful lovely ELIZA, and my still more lovely Helen, are now, owing to my extravagance, inhabitants of an humble dwelling in a foreign country. They who were formed to grace a palace, to be exiled. How painful is the thought! Tell my father, that his once beloved William Mortimore, the darling of his heart, that son whom he thought would shelter his ELIZA from the storms of life, and continue a name, which for ages has been celebrated for acts of benevolence, and deeds of virtue and honor, is alone, unprotected, without a friend or comforter, dangerously wounded, and in a prison; but do not tell him, that that son seduced the innocence of his niece, and murdered the brother of his wife; though, according to the laws of honor, it could not be deemed so, as he fell in a duel, nay, he was the challenger.

Here I am, waiting my trial. The miseries of a prison my Helen will never know——

- “ Ask yonder boy, who under bank or bush,
- “ Sits linking cherry-stones, or plaiting rush :
- “ How fair is freedom ? he was always free
- “ To carve his rustic name upon a tree ;
- “ To ensnare the mole, or with ill-fashion'd hook
- “ To lure the incautious minnow from the brook ;
- “ She shines, but feeble in his cheerless eyes,
- “ The good we never miss, we rarely prize.”

“ Will Helen, forgetting the injuries I have done her, condescend to write to me. Let her reflect, that to err is human, to forgive divine—tell me that you pardon me, and I will die in peace. I am now waiting my doom. I will not shock you by a mention of what I endure, as I shall think light of every other grief if I have your forgiveness.

“ I dare not tell you how much I love you, and since I have lost my wife, I have

considered you as such. I heard of her death the first week I was the inhabitant of this place. At first I determined not to inform you, but on receiving my dear father's letter, in which he said "that Helen sent her love," and to hear that Helen could think her destroyer worth a thought, revived every sentiment of love in my bosom, and all that tenderness which once possessed my soul. One line written by that dear hand, which my detested duplicity betrayed, would give me the greatest satisfaction I can now receive. Suffer me, my dear Helen, to subscribe myself,

Now yours,

With the tenderest affection,

Rome,

March 7th, 1790.

W. MORTIMORE.

Helen, from the instant she received this letter, till the moment she set off on her journey, was very near distracted. *William Mortimore* was confined, and probably in a short time would be torn from her for ever! by an ignominious death!

These, and such like horrid ideas, were her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night. Perhaps there never was so hazardous a journey undertaken by any one, as by this rash, fond, affectionate girl; but her natural liveliness of disposition would never suffer her to see difficulties in any scheme, the goodness of her heart led her to embark in, for the service of her friend. *William* saw his error, and had he even murdered her, she would have rose from the dead, if it had been possible, to have told him she forgave him, as her mind was of that generous turn, that she forgave instantly

the greatest injury, if the aggressors would but acknowledge themselves in fault.

The evening before they set out on their journey, *Helen* wrote the following letter to ELIZA.

“ MY DEAR ELIZA,

“ *SINCE* your departure, I am quite altered, sleep has forsaken my eyes ; I am not like the thoughtless, careless of to-morrow, *Helen*, whom you left under your father's care. Is it any wonder ? I have lost my companion, my friend, and adviser ; I have many foibles, and amongst them, you know I am superstitious, particularly so in dreams—I had a terrifying dream last night, which I cannot forget, as it made a forcible impression on me, so very weak am I, that I can hardly help fancying it reality.—Methought I had

married your brother William, and that I had lived with your dear father and you sometime after, and never told either of you that I was married. Suddenly, I thought, the scene changed, and I saw William Mortimore in a prison loaded with irons; the clinking of the chains awakened me, can you believe it, my ELIZA? I am so simple, I shudder at my dream.

“ May you be happy ! whatever may be the fate of Helen. Oh ! a death-like coldness comes over me, and makes me tremble, lest my past or future conduct, should cause you to despise, and induce you to forsake Helen, whose ambition it has ever been to merit your friendship. My best wishes attend the Marquis and you, and I hope the spring will bring you to the Chateau, and, consequently, our humble dwelling will be enlivened by your

presence. Every thing animate and inanimate, drooped at your departure—the cat and dog mourn your absence, and the canary has quite forgot to sing, not one lively note has escaped him. The grin which used to distort the features of La Blonde, is changed to a lowering look. The ivy which you know I did not stoop, but rose to conquer, as I used to get upon the table to coax it to grow in my room, and broke three panes of glass to make its entries still more accessible, which I was so fond of, that forgetting while I ornamented my room, I did not encrease the beauty of my voice, it being made very hoarse by the cold air which found an easier access than my ivy. This dear favorite ivy which grew and flourished while you were with me, when you left the wood, it drooped and died.—Would I had been the ivy ! but I will not interrupt your gaiety, by the gloom which

has suddenly seized me, I hope soon to be more lively, and then will write.

Your's, ever, &c.

March 14th, 1790.

H. HARCOURT.

After *Helen* had written this letter, she having packed up what little valuables she had, set off, without ever apprising *Sir Edward* of her intention. She left a billet for him, saying, she was going to *ELIZA*, who had sent express for her. The *Marquis* being ill, she did not comply with *William's* request, lest his melancholy situation should injure her uncle's health. *Fanny* looked very well, only like a Dutchman in the new dress, as she was not the slightest made girl in the world, and the roses of her cheeks were of that scarlet dye, or rather inclining to the purple, that did not

want heightening by Parisian *rouge*. Her appearance did not bespeak her a proper match for the beautiful and delicate *Helen*, but however, the appearance of a man, is a sufficient protection for a woman.

Fanny looked stout and strong, sufficient to knock any one down, but it was all in appearance, as she certainly would have easier fell herself. They passed on not unnoticed, for where *Helen* appeared, for her to be not observed, it was impossible. But unannoyed until they arrived at Lyons, a fat landlady, happened unfortunately to fall in love with *Fanny*. *Helen* being fatigued, had retired to her room, almost as soon as she entered the inn, and poor *Fanny* having drank too much of the wines, which the landlady was not sparing of, began to be very loquacious; forgetting her dress, she talked as usual of the many sweethearts she had left in England.— This kind of conversation astonished the landlady, who, from the instant she saw

Fanny, had resolved to forget she had a husband, at least for that night, though she never could in the morning; as it was the constant custom of the master of the inn, to begin the day not with an hymn, but with an oath, which was heard by the whole house. Indeed it was an oath of the most useful kind, as it roused the beau which he had accommodated with his own bed, and I will not say his own wife; the groom from the arms of the chambermaid in the garret, and the post-boy from those of the oyster girl in the stable.

The landlady, as I before observed, happened to like the feigned appearance of *Fanny*, and being not unlike *Potiphar's* wife, gave her almost as much encouragement; and she happening to be, what perhaps *Joseph* was, was as coy as he—and the enraged landlady swore she was a spy, and she would have them both apprehended. Poor *Fanny* frightened at this resolve, confessed she was a woman; and

sobbing, said, " I thought you would have known me, to have been one of the fair sex." " What sex you are I do not know, but it is not *fair* I'll be sworn," said our enraged hostess. " It is a long while since you have seen yourself in the glass, as you have it seems, quite forgot what you are ; I think I never saw so brown a skin in my life ; but I beg *Mrs. Fair-sex*, as you call yourself, you will go and call up that tall, pale-looking cast-off Miss of some one's, who is your companion, and be off with yourselves directly. I dare say, if you were to stay much longer, I should have a job for the parish officers. My husband said, that the lady as you call her, was a good for nothing girl. I will have no *caudle* to make, no disgrace on my house for sheltering lord's mistresses, and aristocratical bastards."

" La Ma'am," said *Fanny*, still more terrified, " you have no occasion to be afraid of us, for what ever we have, we

shall pay for, as we always pays our debts.” “ Yes, truly ! You will pay one debt I dare swear !” said the landlady. “ The debt of nature ; and there will be few folks in these days that can or will pay any other. But I know who is to blame—those that trust, but I never will have that sin to answer for.” *Fanny* begged her to let them stay in peace that night, and they would go away in the morning.

When *Fanny* was gone to bed, the landlady who never condescended to speak to her husband, unless a robbery, rape, or murder had been committed in her house, thought this of as much importance ; indeed, of much more moment to herself : she had been disappointed, consequently enraged. And what will not an enraged and disappointed woman not effect, to revenge herself ? She therefore thought it necessary to make her husband a party to the plans she had in agitation, which she

hoped would properly punish the innocent offending *Fanny*.

When the husband attended her summons, she softened her voice, and with a smile, taking his hand, said, "My dear," the action, the manner, and the word, had their proper effect, and made him ready to accede to any proposal she might make, and like another *Alexander*, he was ready to set *Persepolis* on fire, if she had required it. Indeed, all wives know the power these endearments have over their husbands, if they are used but seldom, and the husband happens to be fond, which was the case with our landlord, who was very fond of his wife, and for a very good reason; because she was the most profitable part of his possessions.

"Do you know, my dear," continued our enraged landlady, "I think that ugly woman and the man ought to be taken before the Police, for I am sure they

are spies; for do you know, when the man had drank a bottle or two of wine, he began to be rude, and on my threatening to inform you and have him punished, he declared he was a woman, which I really think he is; and they are either some great people making their escape, or spies; therefore we cannot lose, but we may gain something, by giving instant information, and having them examined."

"I am sorry," says the landlord "for the beautiful lady that appeared so ill last night; but if you advise it, I will go and have them taken up."

"Beautiful? forsooth!" cries the enraged hostess, "Pale, may-pole looking thing! Where is the ruddy complexion, and proper plumpness of some people?" turning round to the glass and surveying herself with a look of complacency, "if she had that, she might be called beautiful; but go you, and inform against them as spies."

The husband obeyed;— and the first salutation poor *Helen* had in the morning, when she rose early in order to pursue her journey, was from two rough-looking men, seizing her in the name of the king, and conveying her, more dead than alive, from the house; she fainted away, and on her recovering, found herself surrounded by a mob at the door of a prison. Her loud screams on being about to be forced out of the carriage, brought a young gentleman to her assistance, who pressing through the crowd, and with an authoritative voice desired them to desist, and demanded the reason of their violence and brutal conduct to the young and unprotected stranger. His military dress and peremptory manner of addressing them, softened and alarmed those ministers of justice, and they in an obsequious manner began to justify their conduct, by throwing all the blame on the landlord. He insisted on their taking her before the Lieutenant of the Police, and having her

discharged, in which he was seconded by the mob—who immediately before had been so vociferous against her; but mobs are never governed by reason, but by faction, and always take that part which is most likely to be successful.

The innocence, manner, and artless story of *Helen*, soon gained belief, and inspired her hearers not only with a certainty of her innocence, but with admiration of her conduct. Truth needs only to be seen, (if I may be allowed the expression,) to be believed. *Helen* was instantly discharged with honor, and a guard sent to protect her to the frontiers. The gentleman who had so generously stood forth in her defence, was the fortunate officer of the guard, that was appointed to escort her. She left the town that very night, in company with *Fanny*; her greatest anxiety and care now was, in getting to Rome, she, therefore regretted the accident that had delayed her pro-

ceeding, and hindered her a moment from softening the care of her *William*, yet, notwithstanding her attachment to him she now considered as her husband, she could not help listening with pleasure to the elegant conversation of her new acquaintance, whom she considered herself under great obligations to, for delivering her from the embarrassment the enraged landlady had thrown her into; her affection for *William* was at this time much lessened, she had so long endeavoured to stifle her love, that, unperceived by herself, she had almost done it in reality.

Her new acquaintance talked of Brussels and Boulogne, he had spent much time at both, he dwelt with pleasure on any theme that in the least seemed to divert her grief; at length he exclaimed, "Happy man must he be, who possesses such a treasure as you are! Would I had been that happy man! Since I have lost

my *Juliet*, I have never seen any one I could love till this happy moment!"

Helen, struck with these last words of his, said, "As you mention Brussels, Do you know *Matilda Meadows*! and was that *Juliet* her companion that was with her in the convent of——"

"Then you know my sister, and my dear departed *Juliet*!" replied the gentleman. "No," said she, "but I have heard much of them and you, if your name is *Edwin*, for I am an intimate friend of *Eugene's*, whom you must have some remembrance of"——"I am that *Edwin, Eugene*! remember him! Yes, for ever!" said he. "His generosity and friendly conduct, time can never eradicate from my bosom! But tell me, Madam, is he your husband? Is it for him you thus venture unprotected in a foreign country?"

"No, no," said *Helen*, "you speak as if you wished he was, *William Morti-*

more is, and I love him, I once loved him to distraction! Love is too cold a word—I doated on him; looked on him as the only good I had on earth, and sent by heaven, to make this world a paradise. His face, his form, was divine; but it hid a soul dark and designing; he won by his insidious wiles, my too easy heart—and then by a false marriage, betrayed, despised, and abandoned me. Still duty bids me find him, (as he now acknowledges me to be his wife) though sick, surrounded by misfortunes, and in a prison!”

The heroic conduct of *Helen*, much charmed *Edwin*, and he expressed it in raptures, which made her feel the impropriety of the confession she had just been making. A reproachful look from *Helen*, at once awed him into a proper sense of the indecorum he had been guilty of.

“ Pardon me, madam,” said he, “ if I have undesignedly offended; but your magnanimous conduct must inspire every

one with admiration, and has thrown me a moment off my guard. But I swear by all I hold most sacred, that I would not injure such worth as yours, to gain a diadem; and would that every action of my life, could be devoted to render you service. *Helen*, lovely enchanting *Helen*! may I presume to call you so. Will you receive the friend of *Eugene*, as a friend? And trust me, you will not find a sincerer one. I will not call you *Mrs. Mortimore*, for that name is death to my hopes. Consign not this lovely hand, to one who has already betrayed it. Where is woman's pride? But you dash my presumptuous hopes. You say, you consider yourself as a wife, and while you choose to shield yourself from addresses under that sacred name, I will not annoy you. But when I have seen you to the end of your journey, banish myself from your dear destructive presence, and until you are at liberty, or inclination leads you, to make a second

choice, I will cease to trouble you with my presence, and till that time,

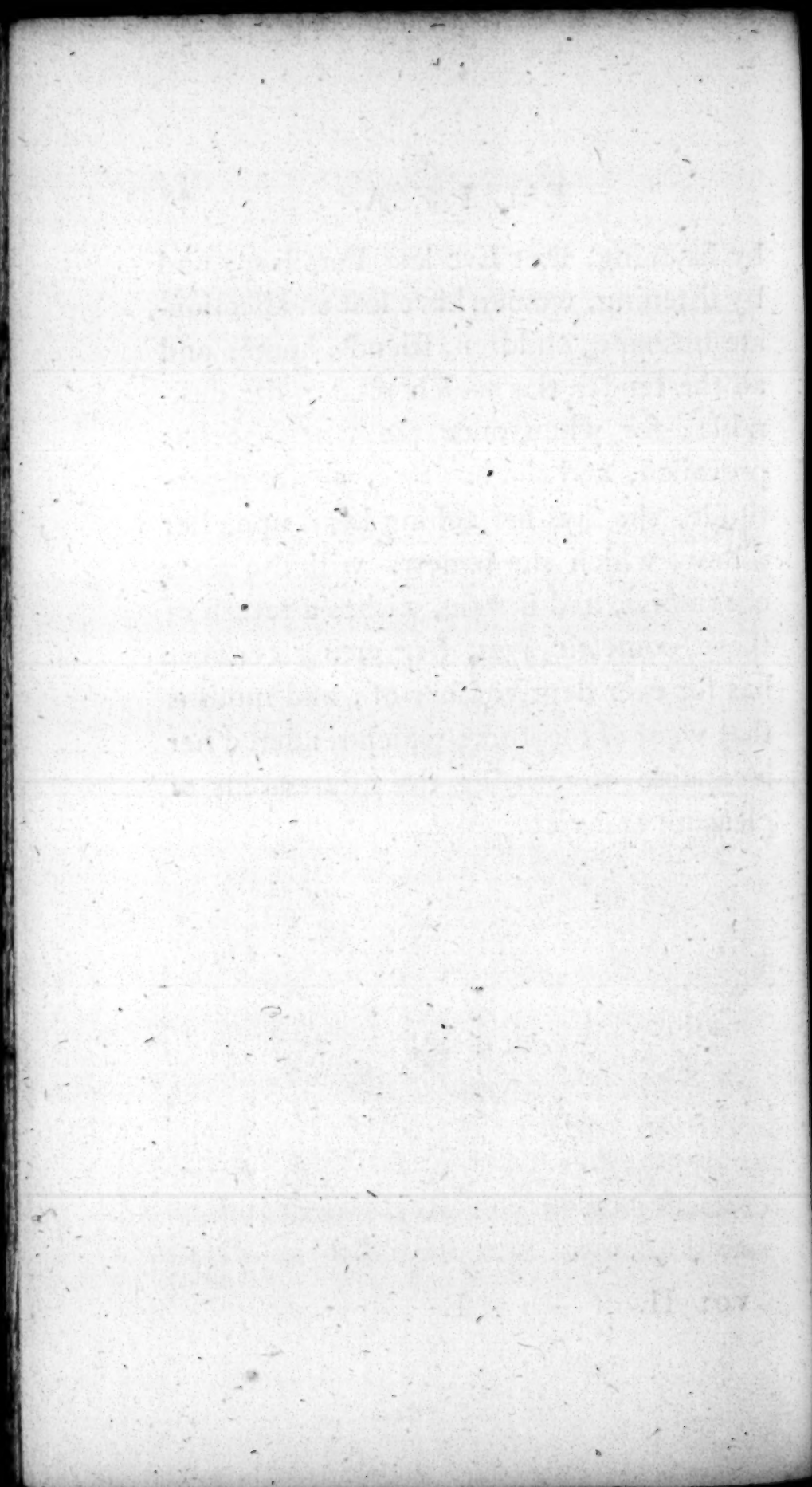
“ Rise Alps between us, and whole Oceans roll.”

Helen considering herself as the wife of *William Mortimore*, conducted herself accordingly, and did not make any answer to his eloquent language. But she did not check his conversation on this subject. In this she deviated from the strict rule of right, for a married woman, (as she considered herself,) to listen to the language of love, was highly improper, and sufficient encouragement for a man, to think he is not disliked. Perhaps a woman thus situated, will say as her excuse, that she cannot help such conversation, and thinks it a tribute due to her charms, and is gratified by hearing that high flown language from another, she of course has ceased to hear from her husband.

But let not a married woman listen to the delusive language of love ; as it was

by listening, that Eve lost Paradise ; and by listening, women have lost an affectionate husband, children, friends, home, and all the tender ties which render life desirable ; for when once the language has prevailed, and she has swerved from rectitude, she lays her aching head upon her pillow, which she bedews with the tears of remorse, and in vain, wishes a return of those domestic joys, her erring conduct has for ever deprived her of ; and mourns that want of fortitude, which rendered her incapable of resisting the allurements of pleasure and vice.





E L I Z A.

—◆—

CHAP. XIV.

—◆—

TO see, and not love *Edwin Meadows*, was almost impossible. His fine blue eyes had a softness and languor in them, irresistible; their insinuating glances spoke to the soul. Happy *Edwin*! Graceful, elegant, and accomplished, born to conquer all hearts; to captivate the fair, not only by your person, but by a far more superior and lasting attraction—wit, sense, and talents. Not like the *Marquis de*

Belgardè, nor *William Mortimore*. Neither the jealous revengeful temper of the former, nor the dissimulation and treachery which marked the character of the latter.

This digression the reader must pardon, as it is to induce them to excuse the conduct of *Helen*, for suffering the language of love from so amiable an object. Not that I can consider her so reprehensible, as women differently situated would have been; for though she considered herself as married, because *William Mortimore* in a fit of remorse, acknowledged her as his wife, yet she never experienced the affection of a husband from him. But the moment he was in trouble, whatsoever his former actions might have been, she felt it her duty as well as inclination, to alleviate his present miseries as much as possible, by her company; though her love for him, owing to his cruel conduct, had certainly long been wavering, and the enchanting object before her, inspired her

bosom with softer sentiments, than perhaps she ought to have encouraged.

The journey, which, before she had met with *Edwin*, had appeared tedious, she now rather wished to retard than hasten. They were within a day's journey of Rome, and the moment drew near which was to separate them, and perhaps never to meet again. *Edwin*, wretched at the thought of parting with her, entreated her to favor him with her correspondence, and to consider him as her friend and brother. "In that light," said he, "I shall consider myself the most blessed of human beings, as to be thought on and esteemed (if I may dare so far to flatter myself,) by you, is the only happiness I can wish, situated as you are by fate at present." He added, "That he should remain in the environs of Rome, till he heard a favorable turn had taken place in her affairs." *Helen*, happy in an opportunity of hearing of the welfare of her conductor, acceded to his request.

When they arrived at Rome, he conducted her to the prison door. She shrieking at the sight of the gloomy entrance, and would have fallen to the ground, if he had not supported her in his arms. On recovering, and apologizing for her weakness, she bid him an hasty adieu.

The guide who conducted her to the apartment of *William*, said to her, when he was about to open the door of his cell, "Shall I tell *Mrs. Mortimore*, Madam, that a lady wants her?" "Oh! No, no!" said *Helen*, in a voice scarcely articulate. A degree of fortitude seemed to support her in this hour of trial.

She entered the cell, the darkness of which would have prevented her from seeing any object in it, but a glimmering lamp which hung suspended from the arched roof, and which cast a feeble light, only added to the gloom of the apartment, and served to discover a matted couch, on which lay an emaciated figure; and by

the side of it was kneeling a female figure, who, on *Helen's* entrance, arose. Envy herself must own, that "She was formed in a prodigality of nature, to shew mankind a finished composition." and taking *Helen's* hand, with a look the most pitiable, pointing to the couch, as much as to say, disturb not the repose of the wretched. Then pressing her hand to her lips, seated her on a small bench, and sitting down by her side, begged to know, "Who it was who thus sought her gloomy cell; you are unknown to me, lovely lady," continued she; "but you must be amiable, thus to seek out the abode of the prisoner, who is confined as a wretched criminal."

Helen, petrified with astonishment, at all she saw and heard, was for a moment deprived of all power of speech; but recovering herself in a short time, (for she possessed an uncommon presence of mind) she said, "I am his sister, and you Madam, I suppose, are his wife. I thought my

brother had been so unfortunate as to have lost his wife ! But pardon me for asking— Were you *Mademoiselle de Bellevue* ? But that cannot be, for I heard she was dead.

“ Oh ! No ! ” answered the lady, “ she is not ; I am that unfortunate being, I am *Mr. Mortimore’s* wife ; he is my husband ! Nay more, he is all the world to me, and if I lose him, which in a few hours I much fear I shall, I shall be of all creatures the most miserable ! ”

Poor *Helen’s* situation during this scene, was much to be pitied. She could not help admiring the wife ; and her feelings for the husband could not be described. She arose from her seat and walked to the bed, to her still loved *William*. Her wrongs were in her generous bosom forgiven, and she felt for him, only as her early friend, and the brother of ELIZA. *Mrs. Mortimore*, was at this time, called out of the room, and the shutting of the door awakened *William*, who in a

feeble voice, said, "*Isabella*, my love, my guardian angel, give me a little water, for I am faint. Some one was with you just now, who was it?

"I will tell you," replied *Helen*, "It is your sister now, once your *Helen*, whom you cannot have forgotten." "*Helen Harcourt* here! Impossible!" said he, starting up in bed. "Oh! *Helen*! then you have come to call me a villain, and reproach me for my crimes!"

"Be calm," replied *Helen*, "or I am undone; I never will reproach you: I am nothing now, but your tender affectionate sister. Call me so—consider me in no other light. Hurt not the feelings of the amiable *Mrs. Mortimore*, by a word that can give her intimation of who I really am. On these conditions I will attend you, nurse you, and pray to heaven for your returning health. With this kiss I seal your forgiveness, and look on you hence forward, as if you had never injured me!

The melancholy situation you are in, sick, and in a prison, obliterates from my mind, all past misconduct; keep up your spirits, and try to recover for all our sakes."

"You are too good," said he, "you ought to hate me." "Hate!" replied she, "Can *Helen Harcourt*, hate *William Mortimore*? Never!"

At this moment, *Mrs. Mortimore* entered the room, and was delighted to see that *William* was more in spirits than usual. The elegant *Isabella*, prepared to accommodate the supposed sister of *William*, in the best manner she could, in this forlorn situation.

Night coming on, *Helen* returned to the inn, after promising to see them the next day. She wrote, (according to promise,) to *Edwin*, an account of all which had happened to her, then retired to her chamber with *Fanny*, who began to be very loquacious about her master; but

Helen's spirits being much depressed, (with the occurrences of the day,) could not attend to her, but desired to be left alone. She continued to visit *Mr.* and *Mrs. Mortimore* constantly, he recovered very fast—he often dwelt upon the injuries he had done his family, and how much he feared seeing his father; but she on the contrary, urged him to return as soon as his trial was ended, as she was sure his father would be happy to see him, and forget all that had passed. With his returning health, the dangerous, insinuating manners, which first won her heart, began to revive, and he was still the lover. *Helen* felt that she could not see him, like another *Lothario*, “*Kneel at her feet and sigh to be forgiven,*” without all her former tenderness returning. She then determined to avoid this dear dangerous man—I will banish myself from his destructive presence! *Helen Harcourt*, (thought she) shall never encourage and nourish a fatal attachment for the husband

of another. I may be miserable, but I will never be culpable. Nay, I will try to forget, in the tenderness of *Edwin*, that I ever loved *William Mortimore*. With this determination she went to bid adieu to this unfortunate couple; but *William* was alone, and he in his usual softness, said, "Is it *Helen*, my dear injured angelic girl, who has by her presence restored me to life! to happiness! and more than life, to herself!" with this, snatching her to his bosom, and embracing her, said, "I live but for you."

"Oh! *William*!" cried she, "check that fondness. Dear to my soul, though thou hast undone my fame, I can't forget to love thee. I will seek in flight the security from that danger your destructive presence threatens me with; reserve your affection for that deserving woman, who is worthy of that supreme happiness, I once thought could be found with you; she alone is capable of making my once

loved *William* as happy as I wish him; and as it would have been the study of my life to have made him. Make her happy, and by so doing, you will make yourself so, and *Helen's* felicity will be complete; if felicity can ever be the portion of *Helen Harcourt*. Wear this ring, and let it sometimes remind you of the poor girl whose artless affection you once possessed; and may the happy—the happy *Mrs. Mortimore*, may she, may you be happy!” With these words she hid her face in his bosom, and burst into tears. He kissed the tears which fell on her hand, and bedewed them with his own, and said, “, You, my *Helen*, will be happy! For you are good and virtuous! But what chance can I have of happiness, who have committed so many crimes? What preys most on my mind is, the injustice I have done you, and having brought my father to ruin.—You, nor he, can never forgive me.”

“Talk not so desponding,” said *Helen*, “but return to your father, and he will forgive and forget every thing, as I do.”

Isabella now joined them, and *Helen* could not but regret, that chance had ever thrown such an angel in his way. Her expressive countenance and elegant form she could not but acknowledge, was sufficient to have attracted a person of less susceptibility than *William Mortimore*; then viewing them both with the eye of compassion, she, with a heavy sigh, bid them adieu, and quitted this horrid abode, but remained in Rome till his trial was finished. As soon as she returned to the inn, she acquainted *Edwin*, her attractive escort, that she was about to leave Rome. She then turned her thoughts towards the humble, peaceful dwelling of her uncle, and regretted that she had ever left it, or that she had let her heart be again prepossessed. But a heart like *Helen's* must

be occupied. The object of her first and tenderest affection, she must now as a woman of principle, tare from her heart for ever ; but she must love, to wean her from her former attachment ; and could she find a more deserving object than *Edwin* ? For whom she had entertained such favorable sentiments when she did not consider herself at liberty to indulge them.

Edwin, who had been waiting in anxious expectation of hearing from *Helen*, immediately on the receipt of her letter, came to her, for on the receipt of the first, he could not but entertain hopes, that in time he might be so happy as to have an interest in her heart.

Fanny, on her mistress informing her of her determination to leave Rome, appeared quite unhappy, and in her usual loquacious manner, endeavoured to dissuade her from going, and, continued she,

“ La, Ma'am, we have come a great way, as a body may say, for nothing, for I thought, *Miss Helen*, you said you were come to your husband, and I have not yet seen any thing like one, so I think we had better stay a little longer; and perhaps if you cannot have your old one, you may get some one else to have you; for it will look so foolish, for a body to go back without their errand. As for me, I was determined not to be laughed at for running away, and going back as I went; so I got married to *Mr. Lè Belle*, *Mr. Mortimore's* valet, who, I told you, *Miss*, used to call me the fine names when he was at *Golden Grove*, though I thought he would have made a *site* better husband than he does, but he says it is not the *ton* to like his sposa; for wife he says is never mentioned—the very name,” he says, “ is *outré* and a *boor*,” and he says “ that I must get a *cecibeo*, as all the Romish ladies have.” I do not know where I am to get it, or what it is, but I

suppose it is some outlandish thing or other." He says " It is not not the fashion to be much together," and so he is always out, and tells me to go to my *cecibeo*; but you see, *Miss*, he is a fine clever man, and if one has a man of *ton*, as he calls himself, why, one must put up with it."

Helen, who had been meditating how she should get back, at length grew tired of her talkative servant, and interrupting her, said, "*Fanny*, do you mean to go back with me?" " I can't do that, *Miss*," replied she, " for I can't do as I like now, but, indeed, I ha'nt a very good life of it now I am married. *No one knows where the shoe pinches but those that wear it.* God help me! I wish I could feel a shoe pinch my foot; but I fear I shall never have that good luck again, to have a new shoe. They say, *When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window*, and, indeed, I believe it does, and that it sooner went out of our's than other folks's,

because, as how, that out of six panes of glass we had in our window, five of them were broken. Heigh ho! it is a pity we had not had a glazier before we were married, and it would not have come to this; but, however, as it is, I can't leave him now."

Helen perceiving that this foolish girl was determined to stay in Rome, she did not insist on her returning; but it vexed her not a little, as she would then be obliged to return alone with *Edwin*. She told *Edwin* her misfortune, and requested him to provide her with a servant, if possible; but he, who secretly rejoiced at the opportunity the desertion of her maid afforded him, urged the impropriety of her having a stranger, yet seemed much concerned at the uneasiness she felt at being obliged to travel alone; but he begged her "To rest assured of his protection, and that his love was such, that it never would suffer him to be guilty of any im-

propriety, or to act unbecoming the character of a sincere friend."

Prepossessed, as *Helen* was, in favor of *Edwin*, she did not require much argument to reconcile her to so agreeable a companion. All was now in readiness for their journey, and *Helen* left Rome with a gayer heart than she entered it. Her spirits now, not distressed, rendered her in the eyes of *Edwin*, still more enchanting; for she had a natural liveliness and gaiety *dé cœur*, which was very fascinating. Every thing pleased and amused her, all the objects and prospects which *Edwin* pointed out to her, and which she before passed unregarded in the hurry of her journey, now agreeably delighted her, and struck her with admiration, as the environs of Rome must every beholder.

They talked of *Eugene*, and *Helen* told *Edwin* the favorite he was with ELIZA. He who so well knew the merits

of *Eugene*, his friend, expatiated on his goodness and nobleness of soul, and that he possessed that high sense of honor, felt only, by the brave and good *Eugene*, and," continued he, " he is a man of sense, and possesses that acuteness of feeling and susceptibility of soul, which I fear will render his life unhappy, and I am sure if ever he should love, the object of his admiration may be envied by all her sex, for with him true happiness must ever be found."

Here we will leave our travellers, happy in the company of each other, and return to our heroine.



ELIZA.



CHAP. XV.



ELIZA was far from being happy, though she was introduced in the first circles, and the admiration of all companies she went into; the *Marquis* was not the character she first thought him, he was, (as we before have stated) of a revengeful and jealous disposition in the extreme—he now made no secret of it; he began to upbraid her with her coldness, and threatened revenge, should she

not alter her conduct towards him. Though he made her appear at court, and at all the assemblies his rank and fortune obliged him to introduce her to, and though he felt gratified at seeing her the ornament of every party she honored by her presence, yet he was always uneasy, lest any one should attract her attention, and gain that heart which to him had been invulnerable. He had penetration enough to discover, that, though she had married him, she never loved him. This piqued his self-love, and animated him to revenge, could he discover who was the person that pre-engaged her affections. His vanity told him, that were they not previously engaged before he first seen her, she must have loved him. Whenever he saw her gay or lively in any company, he hurried her away, supposing, that as she was seldom in spirits at home, she must have some favorite in the party. Indeed, she had little reason to be ever lively at home, as the *Marquis* was so far from

being amiable, when he divested himself of that character he chose to assume in company, and which he put on with his dress. Though her anti-chamber was crouded with servants; though the mines and lumes of India had been searched and employed to furnish her stately rooms; though her table furnished the richest wines and viands the world could produce, and no luxury denied but one, "*Domestic happiness*," she could not feel any gratification in being in possession of the rest. She tried every winning art to soften his disposition, he still continued his sour looks; but on her appearing likely to bring him an heir to his vast possessions, his temper lost some of its gloom, and they for some time enjoyed what might, by some, be mistaken for happiness, a cessation from uneasiness, as he began to be more soft, and not reproachful.



At the near approach of this important event, the *Marquis* began to think of returning to the country ; and he signified his wish, or rather his order to the *Marchioness*, that the family should prepare to go the ensuing week. ELIZA was much pleased at the thought, it was what she had long wished, though she dare not hint it to him, lest it should be the means of prolonging his stay in Paris. Indeed, such is the general character of a jealous husband, that he acts diametrically opposite to every wish of his wife's, supposing her to have an unjust motive in every request she can make.

Our heroine highly delighted at the thought of seeing her dear father and *Helen* once more, had every thing got in readiness as quick as possible. She was now at a loss what to say to her father, should not *Helen* have arrived from Rome, of which she had been made a confidant, with strict orders not to let *Sir Edward Marti-*

more know, as *Helen*, to blind him, had left word she had gone to see her. However, ready furnished with an excuse, as women always are, she was determined to set out, though in anxious hopes that no accident should have delayed her return.

Helen had arrived some time before the *Marquis* had left Paris; though she had not acquainted ELIZA, she could not find an opportunity of writing to her, as her time was now totally occupied with *Edwin*, whom she had introduced to her uncle as a most particular friend of *Eugene's*, and as a gentleman, for whom she had an high esteem. *Sir Edward*, who was happy to see his dear girl return, received her with every parental affection, and *Edwin* with every mark of friendship; and requested him to accept an apartment under his humble roof, as long as he could favor them with his company; which he politely refused, as having a friend at *Boulogne*;

though much he would have wished to be near *Helen*.

Helen was now as much attached to *Edwin*, as she had ever been to *William Mortimore*. They often walked together to the convent, and paid the tribute of a tear to the tomb of *Juliet*; they both being equally unfortunate in their first attachments, it endeared them still more to each other. *Sir Edward* having received a letter, with intelligence of *ELIZA* coming to the country, *Helen* rejoiced. She now began to assume her natural gaiety of disposition, and in one of her frolicks, said to *Edwin*, "My cousin *ELIZA* is coming, I will now introduce you to a second *Laura*, if you will promise me you will not be a second *Petrarch*; she is, or rather was, *Eugene's* favorite; but she is married, and must not love, or be loved by any one."

"What" says *Edwin*, "not be loved, I must love her if she is a friend of your's, and a favorite of my dear friend *Eugene*;

but no *Laura* can ever take me from my *Helen*."

"Speaking of *Laura*," said *Helen*, "I never thought (though she might have had beauty) she had much taste; for who but herself would have had violets on a green gown? What a fond swain must *Petrarch* have been, to suppose that this gown was worthy of being celebrated: but I suppose, had her choice been any thing more absurd, he would have celebrated it."

"You are a true woman," said *Edwin*, "to make an observation on so trivial a thing as her gown; but you know little of love, if you do not know that even the colour of the shoe-ties of the beloved object, is remembered with pleasure when absent."

"Men and women then" said *Helen*, "are different, for I declare, I do not know what dress you were in, when first I saw you." "Ah!" replied *Edwin*, "but I'll

swear you remember perfectly, what *William Mortimore's* dress was."

Edwin had guessed right, for the blue coat and white waistcoat which *William* wore when he returned from France; no time, no circumstances had ever erased from her memory. Simple and absurd as the recollection of dress may be thought by a philosopher, yet what are the great objects of life? Are they not (however we may hide it from ourselves) to dress and to eat? For these the lawyer sends his soul to the devil; the merchant braves the perils of the seas; the soldier and sailor venture their lives; the statesman injures his health; wisdom, worth, and valour are sacrificed, to obtain these seemingly insignificant necessities of human creatures.

"You are jealous," said *Helen*.—"No," replied *Edwin*; "but I from experience know, that a first passion is never erased from the heart; for though circumstances may force you to withdraw it, and

marriage and death tear the object from you, yet the heart is tenacious of first impressions ; and if ever again you feel love for another, it is a revival of your former flame, kindled phœnix like, from the ashes of the old one."

" You seem to speak feelingly," said *Helen*, " and I fear you will never be so much attached to any one, as you were to the first object of your affection. Your *Juliet* will ever live in your remembrance, and be ever, I fear, considered as a far more deserving object, than poor *Helen*."

" I think," said *Edwin*, " we have entangled ourselves in a strange labyrinth, I know not how it will end. But surely in each other's company, we ought to prize too much the happiness we now enjoy, ever to think of recurring to past scenes, and thinking of former attachment. When *Helen* will you give up all thoughts of *William Mortimore*, and all your other admirers, and think of me alone ? Will

you accept of a soldier's fortune, and risk with me the hardships, those of my profession are doomed to encounter ?”

“ I will go with you” replied she, “ if you can obtain my uncle's consent ; I can feel no hardships while my *Edwin* is my companion.”

Edwin elated with her answer, lost no time in applying to her uncle, and he found no difficulty in persuading *Sir Edward* to give his consent for their union, on condition that he first procured his father's, and for which purpose he requested him to write.

Edwin was in great fear, lest he should meet a refusal from his father, as he knew how venal he was, and that he did not wish him to marry any girl, however amiable, without a fortune. Nevertheless, he readily acquiesced with *Sir Edward's* wish, and wrote. But the very day on which he expected to receive an answer, an express

arrived to him of his father's death. This obliged him to return to Brussels, to pay his last tribute of affection to the remains of his departed parent. He parted from *Helen* (though he intended his absence should be but a short time) with regret. Just as he was going, he requested her, if she ever wrote to *Eugene* during his absence, to remember him kindly to him, and tell him, how much he was obliged for his last letter, containing the Elegy on the death of *Juliet*, which he requested her to say, he was too much affected with to answer.

Helen desirous to see any production of *Eugene's*, anxiously requested *Edwin* to leave it for her perusal, with a strict promise, that she would be particularly careful of it, and would shew it to none but her cousin, whom it would afford so much pleasure to read it. He complied with her request: indeed she could have made none, that he would not have readily complied

with. They parted in tears, she laying him under many restrictions, to return as soon as propriety would permit him. *Helen* to divert her melancholy at his going, perused the *Elegy*, which was as follows :

*An ELEGY on the Death of JULIET
HOWARD.*

IN vain I try to counsel or persuade,
In vain with thee lament the much lov'd dead ;
In vain with thee my swelling sorrows flow,
In vain I labour to appease thy woe ;
Yet still thou bid'st me write—ah ! poor relief,
'Twill vent my own, but not assuage thy grief ;
With pleasing views of bliss, ourselves we cheat,
And our fond passions favor the deceit :
Vain Hope a most enchanting scene displays,
And love ne'er promises but happier days ;
On these alluring prospects eager bent,
We fondly, this side Jordan, pitch our tent.
Illusive views and expectations vain,
Straight disappointment and the ghastly train ;

Of life's corroding grief and baneful care,
And a whole troop of human woes appear.
'Tis this unerring wisdom thinks it best,
To shew that here we should not fix our rest.
In mercy he corrects, and would controul
The darling sin, that most besets the soul,
If aught on earth too ardently we prize,
The much lov'd blessings vanish from our eyes;
If here alone we fix our hope and care,
Reflect—no mis'ry can with our's compare.
But we beyond this life our hope extend,
There cast thy anchor, dear afflicted friend;
There our sure hope, our certain comfort lies,
There God shall wipe all sorrow from our eyes;
There thou shalt meet the much lamented shade,
Whom 'n flow'ry paths the race of life has made;
Whom God in mercy to himself has chose,
And rescu'd from a world of sin and woes.
At Heav'n's decree, no more, my friend, repine,
But to thy maker's will, thy own resign:
Cease, vain laments, and these distracting fears,
Suppress thy sighs, and dry thy fruitless tears;
Submit, with reverence, to afflictions' rod,
And own the hand of an ALMIGHTY GOD!

Soon after *Edwin's* departure, ELIZA
returned to the *chateau* of the *Marquis*,

where she soon presented him with an addition to his family. *Helen* was summoned to welcome her cousin and the little stranger. On entering the *chateau*, she was not a little alarmed at the confused state the whole family seemed to be in; but fearful, lest any accident had befallen ELIZA, she did not wait to enquire, but hurried to her chamber to see her real situation, where she found her bathed in tears, and with a beautiful infant by her side. On seeing *Helen*, she was soothed a little. *Helen* anxiously inquired the cause, which in her weak state she was unable to tell her, but pointed to the infant. *Helen* terrified and trembling, requested the nurse to tell her; who weeping in bitter anguish, sighed out—"Ma'am, the *Marquis*, who is disappointed at my mistress having a girl, has put the whole house in an uproar; he is cursing and swearing like a madman, because she has not brought him a son, and I am afraid he will murder her ma'am."

Helen who had a great opinion of the *Marquis*, did not hesitate to see him, and thought, though he might lament this disappointment, that he was not so bad as was represented, and that she might be able to reason him out of his absurdity in so vain a regret, by hinting to him the sin of vieing against the will of providence.

ELIZA unwilling that she should see him, in a low feeble voice, begged she would not leave her, and began to describe to her his general temper. "Oh! *Helen*!" said she, "Would that I were still *Eliza Mortimore*; and no power on earth should prevail on me to change that name: you no doubt envy my pomp and splendor, but you are unaware of its cares. You have my father, the most amiable of men, alone to please; he is always good, though in his lonely cot: I have riches and splendor, but the most cruel and wretched of men to please. You in your humble and peaceful mansion, are always happy—I in my

splendid palace, always miserable ;—and nothing I can do or say, can please. Nay, even this event, which I have anxiously wished and looked for with pleasure, as I thought it would be a further tie on the *Marquis's* affection, has only had the contrary effect, and caused all his ill temper to return. During my illness, he has been kinder than usual, in hopes that I should bring him an heir to his vast wealth ; and as it has pleased providence to send him a girl, his usual moroseness has returned. No softness or tenderness of mine, can possibly lessen the fury of his natural temper, for he cannot keep his passions.

“ Can burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,

“ Forget to thunder, and suppress her fires ?

Thus, then, am I in the midst of all apparent happiness, doomed to drag out a life of misery ; and you, my dear *Helen*, though in apparent misery, always happy. Then envy me not, but be cautious of what choice you make, and be warned by the fate of your unfortunate cousin.”

Agitated as ELIZA was with this dialogue with *Helen*, she fell suddenly to sleep, and *Helen* alarmed, lest she had fell into a swoon, awoke her, but on her requesting not to be disturbed, *Helen* retired. She once thought to see the *Marquis*, and remonstrate with him on his conduct to ELIZA, but fearful lest she should offend her cousin, she desisted from her determination, and began to contemplate his character. "Good Heavens!" says she, "Have I been so much deceived? But a few months ago, I thought the *Marquis de Belgarde* the most amiable of men, and one with whom my dear cousin must be happy; and now to find him so wonderfully changed, and my dear ELIZA the most miserable, it grieves me to my very soul. Then what dependence can I have in *Edwin*? surely he cannot be such." Here she was interrupted by a servant's bringing her a letter which had come from *Eugene*, with one enclosed for ELIZA; this added to her

grief, she was fearful that by giving it to her, it would increase her already agitated mind; yet she thought it was what was due to *Eugene*, that she might answer him. He had expressed in the one to her, his "astonishment at ELIZA's long silence, and further," he had said, "that his father's long illness, which at length had terminated his existence, had caused his delay in America longer than he expected, and that he now only waited the settlement of his embarrassed estate, ere he should set out to see all that was dear to him on earth, his dearest ELIZA; and that as his circumstances were now better than he expected, and would be sufficient to place his dear ELIZA in the situation she had been accustomed to move in, he hoped for a favorable reception from *Sir Edward Mortimore*. *Helen* was now very unhappy, she looked on herself as the person, who had been the means of separating those two lovers, and made them both the most wretched of mortals; the one in reality

already so, by being united to the worst of men, and the other would shortly be so, by being deprived of so valuable a jewel as ELIZA.—Yet she endeavoured to exculpate herself as much as possible, by throwing the whole blame on *Eugene's* conduct, in not following ELIZA to France, and the frivolous excuse he made as to the death of *Juliet*, for absenting himself from her presence; which ELIZA thought, was, that he really wished to get rid of his engagement with her, after her father's embarrassment, and which had so piqued her, as to make her determine to comply with her friend's desire, and marry the *Marquis*.

This being the real cause, as *Helen* had settled in her own mind, to clear herself from such a disgrace; she resolved to give the letter to ELIZA, and let her act as she thought most proper, knowing that her disposition was such that she would be guided totally by the *Marquis's* conduct

go her; and *Helen* thought also, that it might be a comfort to her cousin in her present state of mind; therefore it could not be of any ill consequence; she then went direct to her, and gave her what was enclosed. ELIZA on opening it, was first struck with astonishment! then said she, "And is this from *Eugene*, the most amiable of men?" then looking eagerly at the babe, burst into tears, and said; "Would to God! you were his, and I his envied wife, then I should be happy!" "O fie! ELIZA!" said "*Helen*, you are now married, consider the marriage vow, and the wickedness of swerving from it." Here she left her, and went home to her uncle, to whom she told all that had passed.

The *Marquis* still continued to use our heroine as ill as he was wont to do before she was pregnant, and even worse, as she gradually grew stronger.

She had her infant christened, and called it *Helen*, as that was her most favorite name, and he on that account treated her more severe than ever, as he had a private pique against her whom it was named after, supposing her to have been the first cause of weaning ELIZA's affections from him. A few months had now elapsed, when her health was entirely recovered, she requested the *Marquis* to permit her to go with *Helen* to pay her father a visit. The *Marquis* readily complied, as he of necessity, was obliged to go to Paris to settle some important business relating to his estates; and his jealous disposition could not trust her with any one but her father, with whom he was sure she would be safe.

ELIZA rejoiced at the opportunity of once more visiting her dear father, she immediately set out with *Helen*, as she paid her another visit.

ELIZA had been but a week at her father's, when he went to spend a day with an old friend at *Boulogne*, a thing he never had done, seemed this day as if directed by Providence; for he had not been gone long, and *Helen* had just left the room, when ELIZA was suddenly alarmed by a loud rapping at the door, which, as they lived retired, was what they seldom heard; ELIZA thought it could be no one but the *Marquis*, and not considering what could make him so soon return, (as he had told her he should be some time,) she began to be terrified, lest something very strange had happened; when, to her great surprize, a gentleman entered the parlour, and hastily catching her in his arms, said, "Is this my loved ELIZA! and does she not welcome her *Eugene*?" ELIZA, overpowered with astonishment, was unable to speak for a length of time, and sunk in his arms; on recovering, and seeing that it really was him, she wept bitterly, and said, "Ah!

Eugene, Eugene, thou art welcome! But what ill fate is it that has brought thee again to my sight?" With these words she fainted dead in his arms. *Eugene* terrified at her situation, and alarmed with these last words, was scarce able to hold from the ground; but he saw the rose begin again to resume its colour on her cheeks; he was struck with admiration, and not being aware of the real situation of her mind, he began to be angry with himself for intruding so abruptly in her presence, without previously sending word that he was come; and attributed her incoherent language to her surprize at his unexpected arrival.

When she recovered, she strove to disengage herself from his hold, and frequently requested him to desist. Astonished at such coldness, he began to think he was mistaken, and that it was not ELIZA he spoke to; and, thought he, this surely cannot be my dear, fond, affec-

tionate ELIZA, who, at our last parting, had vowed to live for me alone; and who had accompanied her protestations the most fervent, with the tenderest endearments. Then apologizing for his conduct, he said, "Is it possible that one short year can have changed my loved ELIZA so much, that she can treat her *Eugene* in this cold indifferent manner, and withdraw herself so hastily from those arms, in which she used to say she could live for ever?"

ELIZA then eagerly looking at him, burst into tears, and threw herself on her knees, and catching his hand, in a frantic manner, said, "*Eugene*, my love!" then, as if recollecting herself, cried out, "Great God! What have I said? I mean to say, my once loved *Eugene*, I have wronged thee, I never will rise from this humble posture till you say forgive!"—"Forgive my ELIZA, do you say? Ah! rise! I forgive you, let the wrong be what it may. You,

who ought to command the world, at my feet to ask forgiveness! What can it mean?" "Your ELIZA," replied she, "I am not." "Perdition! what do I hear?" cried he, in a voice of rage. "You must hear more," said she, "you must hear ELIZA confess that she has wronged you, that she has perjured all her vows; that she has forgotten every sentiment of honor and love; and given herself to the arms of wealth, when her heart, her soul, was *Eugene's*."

"And can it be so?" said he, "and is my ELIZA married?" "Yes, I am," said she, "and let these tears secure my pardon." "Then I am undone for ever," said he. Here he grew pale, and turned from her, unable to articulate one syllable; his knees trembled, and his limbs could no longer bear his weight, he fell on the floor, as if dead. ELIZA, terrified at his situation, and recollecting that her cruel ungenerous conduct was the cause; in this trying

moment, forgetting what she owed the *Marquis*, or rather the proper decorum a married woman ought to preserve, she knelt by his side, entreating him to forgive her. *Eugene*, when his paroxysm of rage was subsided, gave way to grief; he could not see his adored ELIZA in this humble situation entreating forgiveness; but forgetting that she had deceived him, or that she was married, he tenderly said, "Forgiveness is yours, I forgive you all, you have made choice of a much worthier object, you must be happy; then forget *Eugene*, and think only of your much envied husband, I must banish myself from your sight, yet nothing but death can erase you from my heart—your beloved idea shall sooth me in my dullest moments. Be but happy, and your's still, *Eugène* will be ever.

ELIZA, though she had, from the sudden appearance of *Eugene*, rather deviated from the dignity of the character

becoming her present situation, she had totally forgot her usual propriety of conduct; but as soon as she recovered from her astonishment, she assumed her proper character, and turning from him in tears, she said, “ *Eugene*, we must part for ever, my spirits are not calculated to support another such-like scene as this. Had you followed me to France, I should have been spared this trying scene. I hoped, when I became the *Marquis's* wife, that we should never have met;—we have— but do not think, from the weakness you have seen in me, that I now love you. No—all former attachments are now eradicated from my bosom. My duty as a wife, enforces me to prefer my husband to all others on earth. Go, then, my once loved *Eugene*, my now amiable friend; and in some far distant clime choose some fairer, and more deserving object, and in her society forget that ELIZA was ever dear to you.”

“ Forget you,” replied he, “ no, never while memory remains, can I forget ELIZA ; nor shall any woman ever share that heart which was, and is, and ever shall be hers. Banish me not so hastily from your presence, but let me see you, and hear you a little longer, then I will be an exile ; but first let me ask your friendship and esteem, and then, (if possible,) I will not envy the happy *Marquis*. Your love—if you grant me this, you shall never have occasion to repent your condescension from one word or action of mine ; but, if I cannot be allowed this consolation in my banishment, this night must terminate a life, which then will have nothing to make it desirable. *The world and I have been long at variance, and cannot part on better terms than these.*”

ELIZA knowing the impetuosity of the temper of *Eugene*, did not wish to exasperate him by her conduct, so as to be guilty

of any act of desperation; and she being naturally of the most timid disposition, was terrified at what he said; and fearing, lest he might do something rashly, she consented for him to visit her as a friend, as long as he might remain in that part of the world.

Helen now returned and welcomed the stranger, before she discovered the temper her cousin was in. She then thought it best not to attempt to perceive the embarrassment they both seemed to be in; but as soon as she discovered it was *Eugene*, she in her usual liveliness, began to ask him many questions, and to talk to him about his friend *Edwin*, not touching on any subject that she thought had already been fully discussed, but passed off the rest of the evening in great pleasantries, wishing to divert her cousin's melancholy, that she might recover herself before *Sir Edward* returned, which had its desired effect, as when her father came home, she

had quite forgot that *Eugene* was any more to her than any common acquaintance.—*Sir Edward* was much pleased with once more seeing *Eugene*, whom he had ever regarded as an acquaintance, though he had not wished him for a son in law; but as she was now married, he was delighted to see any friend, whose company enlivened the solitude in which they lived, and was very pressing in his invitations to *Eugene*; little supposing how fatal was the sight of him once so dear to his ELIZA; for though she was married, yet she could not obliterate all past scenes. As

“Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
“’Tis sure the hardest science to forget.”

Eugene bidding them good night, left them.

ELIZA and *Helen* conversed for many hours after on the sudden arrival of *Eugene*, on whom ELIZA passed many eulogiums, as to the propriety of his conduct; not

giving *Helen* in the least to understand what had passed between them. Before our young friends arose, *Helen* received the pleasant intelligence of *Edwin's* return, whom she soon welcomed, though she had scarcely closed her eyes, *ELIZA* having detained her till a very late hour. In a few hours after, *Eugene* came to pay his respects; and what could equal his astonishment, when he saw his friend *Edwin* in the parlour, whom he had well reconnoitered, as he thought it might be the *Marquis*, 'ere he knew him; and *Helen* having desired *Edwin* to remain silent, till *Eugene* should know him. But as soon as he discovered it was his friend, the joy at their meeting is not to be described. They were both astonished at their meeting so *a-propos* in *Sir Edward's* house, and after so long an absence.

ELIZA now wished that *Eugene* had sailed, as she was daily in expectation of the *Marquis's* return, and trembled at

every knock, lest it should announce his arrival, and consequently an order for her to leave her young companions, and repair home. It was not long before her expectations were realized, and the *Marquis* entered the room. Unfortunately, ELIZA and *Eugene* happened to be alone, and she was reading in the same book with him. This trifling circumstance, was quite sufficient to create suspicion in the jealous breast of the *Marquis*, which she soon perceived he felt, as he scarcely spoke latterly, and made so indifferent a bow to *Eugene*; he then threw himself in a chair, and taking up the book they had been reading, he happened to cast his eye on

“ Love free as air, at sight of human ties,

“ Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.”

These lines happened unfortunately to be marked, but how they came so, no one could tell; certain it was, they had not been marked by ELIZA. The *Marquis* first

looked at the lines, and repeated them, then turning to ELIZA with a morose look, said, "Your studies, madam, have been very edifying, and much to be commended." With these words, he threw the book in the fire. *Eugene* stood a silent spectator of this cruelty, and dare not say one word, or attempt to preserve the book from the flames, lest any observation of his might be injurious to his dear ELIZA. He was really terrified for her, and cursed himself as the cause, as during this ebolition of passion, he observed she had changed colour several times.

The *Marquis* who had never in his life, or rather since his marriage, swerved so much from common politeness, as on the present occasion. To betray his temper before a third person, was what he strictly guarded against; he wished always to appear a pleasant agreeable man, and a good husband. He, however, at length apologized for his rudeness, and affected to have

burnt the book by way of a frolic, and begged that no notice might be taken of it. He then left the room to pay his respects to *Sir Edward*, but desired ELIZA to be ready to go to the *chateau* immediately, as the carriage was waiting; he pretended that her child required her immediate attention, and he made many pointed remarks to her having left it so long. His usual politeness did not forsake him on leaving *Sir Edward*, but he requested him and his friends would come to his house the next day.

When ELIZA and the *Marquis* were alone, he pursued his usual line of conduct, with this difference only—that it was still more disagreeable. He found fault with her dress, though it was the same he made her wear when at Paris. “But,” said he, “I suppose the gentleman I saw you with at your father’s, is one of your old favorites, or you would not

have dressed so much more attracting than ever I saw you before."

ELIZA who had been too much accustomed to this kind of conversation, to take any notice of his disagreeable temper, was quite silent, and did not care whether he praised or blamed her: she was so much accustomed to the one, that the other she was quite indifferent about. She well knew, that his only reason for marrying her was, in hopes that she would give him an heir to his vast estates, and by it, keep up the name of so illustrious a family. Still her duty, as well as principle, forbid her to love any one but the *Marquis*; yet to love him was impossible; for no woman of sense and sentiment could possibly have a regard for him, when his true disposition was discovered; not that he behaved ill to her in the greater occurrences of life, it was in the minutiae he excelled in tormenting her; but in these we often find, that

" Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmix'd with hate,
" Make up in number, what they want in weight;
" These, and a thousand griefs, minute as these,
" Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease."

The *Marquis* ordered a great entertainment to be provided for his father-in-law, and his guests. He was determined upon a scheme, to make a discovery (as he thought) of ELIZA's infidelity, by having *Eugene* next him, and plying him with the richest wines; but in this, he failed:—as *Eugene* was of that sober disposition, that he never could be prevailed on to drink more than he thought was really necessary, and that to him was a very small share, but at this time more particularly so, as he was aware of the *Marquis's* design, to intoxicate him; at which time he thought *Eugene* might incautiously speak in favor of ELIZA; and as *Eugene* knew he was wont so to do when his spirits were particularly elated; he was fearful, and therefore eluded the int'nion of the *Marquis*, by which his scheme was frustrated.

The party were all in high spirits, except ELIZA, who could not assume cheerfulness, a thing so foreign from her real feelings. The gaiety of the party only depressed her spirits the more, as it reminded her of her misfortune; when ever she looked at *Eugene*, she secretly sighed at her fate, in being lured by wealth; and the more frequently she compared the two, the worse she detested the *Marquis*. "How unlike was *Eugene's* elegant attention to the *Marquis's* sullen moroseness," she would sigh; and secretly lament that he was not like *Eugene*; and indeed it was no wonder—for how was it to be supposed she could love her present companion, who so continually perplexed her with his jealousy.

Our friends now thought of retiring. *Eugene*, who in secret wished to stay much longer, seemed the most anxious, which removed every idea from the *Marquis*, of his having any particular attachment to ELIZA.

The company now bid them adieu, but not without a further kind invitation from the *Marquis*, to see them as frequently as possible.



ELIZA.

CHAP. XVI.

IN a short time after this *fete* at the *chateau*, and just before *Eugene* meant to depart from the Continent, *Helen* wrote to ELIZA, requesting her to meet her in a wood near the house, as she had something very important to say to her; ELIZA, anxious to know this important business, went at the appointed time; on her way she met the *Marquis*, who asked her

where she was going? and on informing him, he said, "An assignation with a lady was so novel a thing, that he would accompany her, if she would permit him."

ELIZA, unwilling to disoblige the *Marquis*, (though she would willingly have dispensed with his company at that time,) acceded to his request. They walked on together towards the wood, on entering it, what was ELIZA's surprize, when *Eugene*, not *Helen*, came to meet them. "And is it possible?" said the *Marquis*, "my company, then, was as unfortunate as an unexpected intrusion?" "No, on my honor," said ELIZA, "for it was really *Helen* who sent for me."

"Honor," replied the *Marquis*, "is an indefinite term, and with ladies I scarce know what they mean, or what they would wish to be understood when they make use of the word; but I perfectly understand, as well as any gentleman,

what honor is amongst men; and you, sir," turning to *Eugene*, "doubtless, are not ignorant of the laws of it, and therefore I shall expect the favor of your company at this place, at seven to-morrow morning, and you will find me as punctual to my assignation as my wife was to hers." Then bowing to *Eugene*, he hurried ELIZA away.

Not a word was spoke during their return home. Poor ELIZA's spirits were supported by conscious innocence; but terrified at the idea of their meeting in the morning, her mind was occupied in suggesting plans to prevent it; she determined to send to *Sir Edward Mortimore*, to interfere, and keep *Eugene*, if possible, from meeting the *Marquis*; but all her well-formed schemes were put an end to, for the *Marquis*, irritated beyond expression, thought of nothing but revenge, and the punishment he should inflict on ELIZA

for daring to love another, for that *Eugene* was the object of her regard he now in his own mind was fully persuaded.

As soon as they reached home, he ordered her to go to her rooms, to the door of which he followed her, and very deliberately locked her in without saying a word. He then ordered his travelling carriage instantly to be got ready, and calling *Dupré*, his faithful secretary and confidant, when he had ever any diabolical plan to execute, he said to him, "*Dupré*, your mistress has deceived me.—She has private meetings in the wood, with that stranger who lately came from America. I was witness to their interview this evening.—She must not remain in this neighbourhood.—I shall, therefore confide her to your care to take her to my seat on the confines near Savoy. There she shall be immured till her repentance is complete.—See that she wants for nothing; but she is never to be suffered

to walk any where but in the garden, and no letters are to be sent by her to any one.

Dupré, never daring to dispute the orders of his master, promising to obey him, withdrew.

The *Marquis*, the better to effect ELIZA's intended banishment, thought proper to assume a cheerfulness and a seeming forgiveness, as he well knew that if an idea should enter her imagination, that she was to be separated from her child, nothing less than force would tear her from it. This the politic *Marquis* was aware of, and going into her room, with an obsequious tone, and a forced smile on his gloomy features, apologized for the unbecoming manner his haste of passion had led him to act in; and taking her hand, he led her into the drawing room, and said, " My dear ELIZA, sudden and unexpected business calls me to Paris, news of which I have just received by an

express, and I cannot go without my ELIZA, my charming companion. Your travelling dresses you will alone require, as our stay will not be long; order your servant to prepare instantly for your departure, as we go to night."

ELIZA, too mild, and too amiable to be displeased, when the *Marquis* had confessed his fault, and was sorry, (as she thought) for his unkind behaviour, with cheerfulness prepared to comply with the order the *Marquis* gave with such apparent good humour; though she could not help being astonished at the sudden change in his behaviour; but secretly rejoiced at this unexpected call, as it would prevent the *Marquis* and *Eugene's* meeting, for being incapable of deceit herself, she never suspected it in others.

In a few hours they were ready to set out on their journey, and the same smile continued on the face of the *Marquis*.

He handed her into the carriage, and stepped in after her, and went with her about five miles on her journey, and then pretending that he had forgot papers which were necessary to have with him on this feigned business, and telling *Dupré*, who accompanied them, what inn to stop at on the road, where he would again meet them, he hastily left her.

Such singular conduct in the *Marquis*, much terrified her, all her fears lest he and *Eugene* should meet, now returned to her imagination with still greater horror, and the miserable state of her mind was the most pitiable. Indeed, nothing is so wretched, as the conflict of a heart replete with sensibility on any trying occasion, such as the present, as suspense of all evils, is the greatest, for we often imagine evils which never may, or can happen.

“ Those who have found how much the feeling
“ heart

“ Shapes its own wound, and points itself the dart.”

Can alone form any idea of the terror of ELIZA under the present circumstances. She did not choose to betray to the servants who attended her, that she was alarmed at the *Marquis's* conduct; when the carriage stopped at the inn, she expected to have met him as he had appointed. After waiting some time, she asked *Dupre* what he thought detained the *Marquis*. “ The reason, my lady,” said he, “ is that he means to join us at his seat, as he told me that if he did not soon after their arrival, meet them at the inn, that he should proceed on and meet them at *Fernay* his seat in Savoy.”

She perceiving there was no probability of the *Marquis* meeting, she proceeded on her journey with a heavy heart. In four days they reached *Fernay*. This

solitary mansion was situated as we before said, on the borders of Savoy, and in sight of those stupendous mountains whose summits appear to reach the sky. A thick grove of poplars was in front of the house, and almost surrounded it, they were suffered to grow in their natural state, their dark shade added a gloom to this antiquated habitation, and hid from their view a draw-bridge, which was let down at their approach; as the carriage rattled over it, the *Marchioness* could not help shuddering. “Good God!” cried she to her conductor, “Why am I brought here?” “Here,” replied the artful *Duprè*, “my master will meet us;—he has not been here this some time, and I dare say he thought it would give you pleasure to see it, as it is esteemed so be a very beautiful place, and the paintings and statues in it are the works of the most famous artists, and besides, I believe, he is afraid another branch of the family will

take possession of it, if he does not sometimes reside at it."

They drove through the archway, and entered into the inner court, which was overgrown with grass. The tops of the walls were ornamented with wall-flowers, which gave a liveliness to that part of the building, when all the rest only appeared a dreary pile of gloominess, and seemed a fit habitation for those who having met with vexation, deceit, and disappointment, here sought that repose they had, in vain, endeavoured to find in society. But this was not the case with our heroine; for though she secretly mourned the temper of the *Marquis*, and sometimes regretted *Eugene*, yet society had in her mind, all the charms it ever has to the young, who are not soured by misfortunes, as she had only sipped the cup of misery, not drank large draughts of its bitter contents.

When ELIZA entered this gloomy abode, she was met at the door by an old woman, whose appearance did not ingratiate her with her beholders. Poor ELIZA's mind was too much distressed to suffer her to utter a syllable, only to request to be shewn to her apartment; there she endeavoured to get some rest, but that she found impossible; she could not sleep, as

“ Sleep, with her downy pinions flies from care,
“ And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.”

In the morning she arose from her bed in the same fatigued and harrassed state of mind she was in when she came there; she asked for *Dupre*, and she was informed that he had left the castle half an hour after she had arrived; and the old woman added; “ I little thought, Madam, you were to be kept like a prisoner, for what can so pretty a lady as you have done, to cause the *Marquis's* displeasure? *Dupre* said, “ he was jealous of you,” and

no wonder, for if you were seen, you must be admired. If he had a mind his wife should not have been looked at, he should have married some one old and ugly, like myself, and more suitable in years, not such a handsome young lady as you. I knew he would make a bad husband, because I never nursed so cross a child; I remember, when he could but just prattle, he called me "Old and ugly." I shall remember it to my dying day. I thought he would have been fond of me when he came from school, and I am sure he used to use his dog better; for he would kiss an ugly cur in preference to me, though I was his wet-nurse. One Whitsunday, when I had made him some cheese-cakes, he, as I thought, was going to kiss me, instead of which, he bit a piece out of my lip, which disfigured me, and, as my poor *James* used to say, made me a sight more frightful than I was before. If my *James* had used me as ill as the *Marquis* does you, I should have

wished him dead sooner than I lost him. God help me, he died, it makes my heart ache to think of the day I lost him. One year, after we were married, on a twelfth night, I shall never forget it, poor *James Andrews* and I were junketting at a neighbour's, I had just drawn queen, and I was being joked on my good luck, when my poor *James* fell off his chair, which I did not much mind, at first, as he often, used to be as a body may say, a little overtaken, so I thought he was only, saving your presence, fuddled; but it was all over, he never spoke again. I then lay in, and then the *Marquis's* mother hired me to nurse your husband, and I have lived in the family ever since, so you see, as how I dare not disoblige the *Marquis*—for my fingers are too old to sew, and if I had a mind to be naughty, I fear I am too old and ugly, to induce any one to give me a pretence to apply to the *Magdalen Charity*—though the old clothesman, *Ben* the jew, a sightly man enough,

if it were not for his beard, says I have speaking eyes, though I do not know what the plague I wanted speaking eyes for; for as for speaking, I am sure my tongue did not require to be assisted; for I think I may venture to take my bible oath, that from the first moment I began to speak, I have been speaking to some one or other, and very often to myself, until this very moment, and I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and old *Mary Goodman* has often told me, that at two years and not quite an half old, I could ask for a glass of gin without lispings, and I trust in God, that my tongue will have no occasion to trouble my eyes, to the last moment of my life."

Poor ELIZA, distressed as she was, could not help smiling at what this foolish old woman had said. She thought the most adviseable plan to adopt, was, to make *Dame Andrews* her friend, if the word friend was not prostituted by apply-

ing it to her. Though there is no person so insignificant, that good people will affront, merely because they are their inferiors, servants are placed by providence under the immediate care of the affluent. Alas ! in a few short years, perhaps hours, we may be called to a better world ! Then will the high and the low inhabit the same narrow space, and whether they take their last stage in a hearse adorned with plumes and escutcheons, or on the shoulders of their fellow creatures, it matters not, the same earth receives them, and it lays as light on the beggar as the king.

“ Can storied urn, or animated bust,

“ Back to its mansion call the fleeting dust ? ”

No ! the rude lines on the humble tombstone of the peasant, will attract as much the eyes of the chance reader ; as the fine sculpture and high flown language which adorn the tomb of the sons of fortune ; only with this difference, that he will gaze with admiration on the latter, and pay the

tribute of a tear to the former. There are many things which create our admiration, but few which touch our heart; and did I lay low, and were it possible the deceased could know what passeth on earth, I should be far more gratified by one tear, one sigh from sense and sensibility, than by the vacant stare and loud praise of ignorance and folly. To return to our heroine:

As nothing is more tiresome than a digression, ELIZA prevailed on the old woman who attended her, to suffer her to write to *Helen*, which request was complied with, with this promise, that she was to see what was written; this ELIZA agreed to, and the friendly juice of the lemon conveyed to *Helen* the miserable state of her ELIZA; she requested her to inform her father that his ELIZA was shut up in a dreary castle, situated in a desolate country, and she entreated him to come to her. We will now return to

Eugene, and give an account of what preceded, and what happened after the departure of ELIZA. *Eugene* determined after the last interview with ELIZA, to quit France for ever; he could not see the wife of another, one who had been engaged to him by the tenderest vows, (notwithstanding her duplicity) she still was dear to him; he therefore informed *Sir Edward* of his departure, the evening before he intended to quit the cottage. He wished to see and take a last farewell of his adored ELIZA. Alas! thought he, one last adieu, the happy *Marquis*, sure, cannot be so cruel as to envy me, even did he know it was his gold that robbed me of my destined wife, and weaned from me that heart which was once all my own. Oh! woman! inconsiderate, or rather considerate sex, I sure may brand you with the love of gain; you, some of you can love, but most of you can scarce ever resist the temptation of riches; the rich lover suc-

ceeds, and the poor one is forgot. *Paris* knew you, when he lured the queen of love by a golden apple.

Poor *Eugene*, though he felt ELIZA's duplicity, yet love, that is always at variance with reason, determined him, though instant death should be the consequence of his rashness, to see ELIZA; though, had he reflected a moment, he would not have plunged the innocent object of his affection in misery; he would have asked his heart what am I about to do, to see the wife of another man to be a far more infamous character than the daring robber, who, to still the cries of a tender wife and a much loved offspring, who ask of him that bread which his miseries prevent him giving, desperately ventures his life, and what is far more than life, ignominy, to save his precious infants from starving; but the man, who, like *Eugene*, premeditatedly goes with the intention of weaning the affections of

the wife of his friend, is worse; he knew her principles were good, and that ELIZA could never act unbecoming, her strict sense of delicacy, but he likewise knew, that she was married to a man who had, by a series of ill usage, eradicated every spark of affection from her heart, that is, if she ever had any love for the *Marquis*; he also knew, that he had been once loved, every kind word, every tender look from *Eliza Mortimore*, he ought to have forgot when she became the *Marchioness de Belgardé*—all thoughts of the injury he was about to do his friend was banished from his bosom, though he did not know, but, that by one fatal interview, he might have revived every tender sentiment in the bosom of ELIZA: what ruin might this rash unguarded conduct of *Eugene's* have occasioned? for what a wretched state of mind has that woman whose affections wander from her husband; for, however cruel that man is whom she has vowed to love, and called on her

Creator to witness, in the most sacred place, that until death she will continue to love him. What must be the feelings of a woman of sensibility when she feels her affections gone from him whom alone she ought to love? regardless of all consequences, and deaf to the voice of prudence, *Eugene* wrote a note, and knowing that ELIZA was tenacious of the smallest deviation from propriety, he signed his name *Helen*; but when he saw ELIZA and the *Marquis* coming through the gate which led into the wood, the place appointed to meet (as ELIZA supposed) *Helen*, no language can express his feelings, terrified at his having, by his present conduct, (which the violence of his love could not in the least excuse) plunged the innocent ELIZA into an appearance of having intentionally met him; the jealous temper of the *Marquis* he well knew, not that on his own account he in the least dreaded the consequence of his violent temper, his only anxiety was,

the ill usage the gentle ELIZA might experience from an enraged husband.

The *Marquis's* haughty manner, dictated by jealousy, did not intimidate *Eugene*, he met him at the hour appointed, accompanied by his friend *Edwin*, the *Marquis* with a friend was at the place before him, and in as much discomposure of temper as he was in the preceding evening, accosted him, and offered him the first fire, which *Eugene* declined, declaring, that as he meant no injury to the *Marquis*, he would not attempt the life of a fellow creature. "I came here," said *Eugene*, "with a design only to expostulate, and to assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, I never sought or wished to injure the *Marquis de Belgardé*. If to make use of an innocent fraud, in sending the name of *Helen* instead of my own, only for the pleasure of taking leave, for ever, of a woman who was engaged to me by the tenderest ties of love, long before you saw her; if this

you consider as having wronged you, you may take my life, but I will never that of ELIZA's husband." The *Marquis* acceded to *Eugene's* proposal, and fired, though so hurried by passion, that he, fortunately, could take no aim. *Eugene* refused to take the privilege the laws of honor give, that of attempting the *Marquis's* life in return for his attempt to take his; thus ended this affair, though the *Marquis* was too sullen to take leave as a friend with *Eugene*. When *Eugene* returned to *Helen*, what were his feelings when he heard that ELIZA had been taken away? *Eugene* determined to find her, and set off instantly in pursuit of her. The *Marquis*, in his usual sullen and gloomy temper, returned to his *chateau*, very much regretting the imperfect revenge he thought he had taken on *Eugene*; where we will leave him to his feelings, after a revengeful action, and return to the moated castle, the abode of the unfortunate ELIZA.

The clock which was in the front of the house, had just struck twelve when poor ELIZA, to whom sleep had been a stranger, took from her pocket-book a paper, which in happier days *Eugene* had given her.

To ELIZA MORTIMORE.

“GUIDE of my heart, and charmer of my soul,
“ To thee, still constant, my ideas roll;
“ Wrapt in the orbit of my mental eye,
“ Still ever new thy blameless beauties lie;
“ Where e'er you roam, my flutt'ring fancy flies,
“ And strives to grasp at what my fate denies;
“ Still hovers round thy form with patial care,
“ Pleas'd, like thy guardian *Sylph*, to watch the fair,
“ Oh! *Reynolds*! prince of painters, whose design
“ Taught *Devonshire* and *Rutland* how to shine;
“ From town-bred beauties wrest the palm awhile,
“ And let thy picture steal ELIZA's smile.
“ Its mimic form her angel features wear,
“ With placid looks that make her doubly fair;

- “ Looks, that the sweets of innocence convey,
“ Soft as the doves, and harmless too, as they :
“ Looks, that might charm an angel from his sphere ;
“ Make syrens cease to sing, or mariners to hear.
“ Blush not, my love, nor think thy poet feigns,
“ He scorns the breast where servile flattery reigns,
“ Pensive you troubled sit, and shun the light,
“ As setting suns obscur'd by shades of night ;
“ Like yonder myrtle, drooping with the cold ;
“ Like it, transplanted from thy native mould.
“ For Devon—— it for ——shire, you sigh,
“ The trembl'ing tear stands glistening in your eye.
“ The milder suns that rais'd its drooping head,
“ Now shines, alas ! no more, the flow'ry mead
“ Which you have left, the hospitable home,
“ Claims the heart-rending sigh ! forlorn to roam.
“ Author of *Eloise*, look down, and oh ! impart,
“ Some of thy tuneful touches to my heart.
“ *Who lisp'd in numbers as the numbers came,*
“ And left a name immortaliz'd by fame.
“ You, who first taught this foolish heart of mine,
“ To love sweet poesy, to feel its every line ;
“ Attend to friendship's soothing strains, nor fear
“ Truth's, which poets seldom tell, you yet shall hear.
“ And while you listen, mark the language well,
“ In rudest verse, though drest, it truths will tell ;

- “ ELIZA, hear a youth who scorns deception, hear,
“ Alas! my cot is poor, and my sad fate severe.
“ Ah! think what pain 'twill be for you to view,
“ The gay parade, the dance, the public shew;
“ You then will hate the man whose wretched fate
“ Affords thee no delights; and when too late,
“ You will regret the day, the hapless day,
“ When at your feet *Eugene* enamour'd lay.
“ If transport fills for thee each cloudless day,
“ *Eugene* remains to sad despair a prey.
“ Yet as you pass beneath the beach'n shade,
“ Or traverse at still eve, the woodland glade,
“ Oh! hear'st thou not thy lover's spirit glide,
“ Borne in the gale that whispers at thy side;
“ Yes! still his sighs have fill'd the passing gale
“ Sounding ELIZA's praises through the vale.
“ Yet, yet forbear, my muse, with tragic face,
“ The feelings of a lovelorn heart to trace;
“ The plaintive subject of this hour forego,
“ Nor wring the soul that melts at others' woes.”
-

After reading these verses, she could not help thinking of *Eugene*. “ Alas! had

I not been ambitious, I might have been happy ;" thought she. Had I withdrawn myself from the lures of wealth, I should not have been thus miserable ! Had I not acted with duplicity to this but too amiable man, I should not have been thus carelessly thrown aside and forgot. *Eugene's* affectionate disposition, would have shielded his ELIZA from all care, would have soothed her in the day of adversity ; and, when the Almighty afflicted her with sickness, he would tenderly have watched her on the couch of pain, and wearied heaven with prayers for her recovery. I deserve to be thus punished for my inconstancy, as the woman who is under engagements to one man, and then marries another, let the inducement be either superior fortune, or more engaging manners, or a face and person more attractive, certainly shews great weakness of understanding, and a mind unsteady and capricious : when she has forgot one who had a real affection for her, and is married to another, if her hus-

band treats her unkind, she will often think how happy she might have been, had not her wavering heart betrayed her into an error, when she forgot every sentiment of esteem, love, and friendship her heart had, and regardless of all her vows of constancy, in a few short months marries one she had but just met with; whose heart, whose disposition, she was unacquainted with. Had ELIZA married *Eugene*, she even then might not have been happy—as it is the lot of humanity to meet with vexations, which depress our minds more than they ought.

“ Ah thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,

“ Too soon dejected, or too soon elate.”

For had *Eugene* treated her with the same cruelty as the *Marquis* did, she would have felt unkindness from *Eugene*, much more sensible than she now did the *Marquis's*, as the smallest slight from one, on

whom we have lavished our fondest affections, comes as an arrow to our bosom—the attention of friends cannot heal the wound—it rankles in the heart—and undermines the health. As the delicacy of the attachment a woman has for the man, to whom she unites herself from motives of affection for life, is scarce to be conceived. She loves him with such a faithful, such a fixed affection, as guardian spirits pay to favored mortals; she would be always near him, do him service unseen, unknown; shield him from every peril; follow his steps even in the rage of war, and nightly watch his slumbers.

ELIZA's mind was not at all calmed by such kind of painful reflections; she read more lines of *Eugène's*, which gave her mind another turn.

* “My fancy burns your *father's* virtues to commend,
“Whilst his assiduous care delights to blend;
“Oh! blessed thought, the Father with the friend.”

* These LINES were written on the late HOLLAND COOKSEY, Esq. by the REV. CHARLES ABBOT, of Bedford, Bedfordshire.

- " Here nature, empress of the human heart,
" Struck at the uncommon image seems to start ;
" Let other sires (the soul charm'd goddess cries)
" By acts of tyranny affect to rise ;
" Devote alas ! the daughter or the son,
" By plans of visionary pomp undone ;
" To endless misery by slight or stealth,
" Consign them to the hated arms of wealth.
" Far happier he, whose milder rule is seen,
" To give the heart-felt joy and smile serene ;
" The childrens sorrows and delights to share,
" And as a Father, own a Father's care.

As ELIZA was reading, she was alarmed by a loud barking of the dogs; she ran to the window to find out the occasion of this sudden noise. Indeed it was very agreeable to her to hear this alarm; as any interruption to the gloomy stillness around her, was far from unpleasant. Indeed, she hoped it might be her father and *Helen*; and a thought sometimes visited her, that it might be *Eugene*. The dogs ceased

✂ ELEGY on the death of JULIET, (in vol. I.)
was given to the author by a friend.

barking, and all again was silent;—the moon was just sinking beneath the adjacent hill; poor ELIZA's mind was not tranquil; she listened to a solitary nightingale which seemed to be complaining at the absence of her mate. Poor bird, thought she, fiction says that you voluntarily place a thorn in your breast, and charm the world by your plaintive notes. Alas! I am doomed to feel a similar pain, but the thorn in my bosom is placed by man! ungrateful man! The name of husband which ought to secure to poor weak woman a tender friend and kind protector, only sanctions cruel man to treat the woman he has sworn to love, with every cruelty, every insult, and cast us from them as the unkind. *Marquis* has done me. A flood of tears came to her relief, overpowered by her feelings. She was retiring from the window, when she saw a figure which seemed to glide swiftly through the trees; she looked still more attentive, but the feeble light of the moon, which had

assisted her to discover the object, now refused to lend her pale light, and the cruel hill deprived her of seeing if the figure she saw, was real, or the force of her imagination. She had not waited many moments, before she heard distinctly sung, the following Stanza :

MISFORTUNE comes with kind intent,
To try the virtuous mind,
The wise man thinks its kindly meant,
And takes the visit kind.

The fairest flower bears a thorn,
And droops beneath the wind,
But abler man supports the storm,
Undaunted and resigned.

ELIZA thought she recollected the voice, but she could not imagine how any one could come across the moat ; but she was soon put past all doubt as to who it was, as a well-known voice called her *Eliza Mortimore*, she answered the voice by saying, *Eliza Mortimore* is a name only dear to my remembrance, because while I

possessed that name, I was happy. It recalls to my memory past days; days that are gone never to be recalled! It recalls to my distracted mind, my dear departed mother, and my now absent father, brother, and cousin, and——” “Why does ELIZA pause,” said *Eugene*, for it was him, “why will not ELIZA own, that she would say, memory recalled *Eugene*, when he was so blessed as to be esteemed by *Eliza Mortimore*, though he is now forgot by the *Marchioness de Belgardé*. Perdition catch the name! What can the tyrant mean, who immures such excellence? Had I been so blessed as to have called *Eliza Mortimore* my wife, the name would have been more pleasing in my ears, than the music of the Spheres; come with me to your father, to your *Helen*.” “I dare not,” replied ELIZA, “what will become of me I know not; all I know, is, that I am not happy.” “Curse on the title of husband, if it suffers the person who possesses the name, to be a tyrant. Can any laws divine or

human, give a man a right to turn monster, and banish from society its most attractive ornament, because he has vowed to love until death? Is this a proof of love? One would rather think that the *Marquis* had sworn to torment. Let me take you to your friends, and by so doing, restore happiness to that dear family."

"Is this *Eugene* that I hear?" said ELIZA. "Oh! moderate your anger; the *Marquis* is my husband, therefore he only is dear to me: were I the humble *Eliza Mortimore*, I might listen to your persuasions, and put myself under your protection. I thank you for your offer of service, but if you wish me to esteem you, speak not, leave me this moment, and never see me more."

Eugene instantly left the window, and poor ELIZA retired to her bed, with still more disturbed thoughts than she had ever felt; she found by *Eugene's* having sought her, that he was still her friend. This gave

her pleasure; a friend is ever to be esteemed, and a friend in her forlorn situation, was the only good which could happen to her. She had commanded him to leave her. Alas! how weak are all the determinations of the human heart, that we never form a resolution, however good and proper, but the very next moment we wish to break it, though reason approved of her conduct, yet the heart when prepossessed is ever weak to resolve.

Poor ELIZA, deserted as she now was by her husband, and adored by a former lover, had occasion for all her fortitude, to resist putting herself under the care of *Eugene*; but as she had ever acted consistent with the strict rules of prudence, she was not now inclined to swerve from them. ELIZA was firm in the resolve, of never again seeing or conversing with *Eugene*; if ELIZA esteemed *Eugene*, it was with the same affection she had for her brother.

In the morning, the woman who attended her, came into her room in a most violent rage, saying, " Pretty tricks; I heard a man singing under your window, what do you think the *Marquis* will say to such doings? I well remember, my poor *James* and I had a huge quarrel once, because *Ben*, that I was telling you of, sung *All rouse, and burn the bellows*. I never shall again like a love-song. I will tell the *Marquis* I am determined, of your goings on."

Poor ELIZA, innocent as she was, for the first time in her life, condescended to be obliged to have recourse to the only and surest means, to prevent so dreadful an event as the *Marquis* coming to the knowledge of *Eugene* having found out her retreat. A few guineas silenced this very trusty *Duenna*, or rather made her still more loquacious, but on a different topic, she now declared it was a singing in her head, which she had mistaken

for a voice. Indeed, had she have heard the commemoration of *Handel*, instead of the plaintive voice of *Eugene*, in her present good humour, she would have taken her oath that she had only heard the whistling wind, such was the wonderful power of gold; though on the present occasion, it was not given to hide guilt, but to save the innocent ELIZA from an addition to her present sufferings.

We must now return to *Eugene*, who, on ELIZA's requesting him to leave her, went to the cottage of *Sir Edward*; he met *Helen*, who eagerly said, "ELIZA's sufferings are at an end; the detested *Marquis* is near expiring, and the poor child, as if regretting his cruelty to its mother, died last night. *Eugene* was not surprised, but was not hypocrite enough to say he was sorry, he asked for *Sir Edward*, and was informed that he was attending the dying *Marquis*, where we will follow him; the poor *Marquis*, struck

with remorse, conjured *Sir Edward* to send for his dear and much injured wife, and that Providence had taken from him his little girl as a judgment for his repining that it was not a boy; this added an additional pang, and made his fever still more raging. The good *Sir Edward* exhorted the *Marquis* to be resigned, and that he would fetch his ELIZA, to him; this seemed to make the *Marquis* more tranquil, and that very day *Sir Edward Mortimore* set off to fetch his dear daughter; the poor *Marquis* bid *Sir Edward* farewell, and said, “Tell my adored ELIZA, that if jealousy, that bane to felicity, had not possessed my bosom, we had been still happy—tell her if she, will but return and forget what has past, I will make it the study of my life to render her happy, and if I die, my last prayer shall be for her happiness.”

When *Sir Edward* found ELIZA, and told her the state of the health of the *Mar-*

quis, she lost not a moment to prepare for her journey ; all her wrongs were forgot. So it is ever in a generous and affectionate heart ; no sooner does illness visit a person dear to us, or indeed those to whom even duty alone binds us, we forget every circumstance, and hasten to soothe the couch of pain. When ELIZA got into the carriage, she gave orders herself to drive full speed. The servants happy to see their again restored mistress, hastened to obey her commands.

When ELIZA arrived at the *Marquis's*, she found him so ill, that he scarcely could articulate a syllable ; the physician requested *Sir Edward* not to permit ELIZA to see the *Marquis*, as his fever was of a putrid nature, and her life consequently she would endanger by attending on him ; but all remonstrances were useless. ELIZA determining to pay every attention to her dying husband, ran to him and bedewed

his cheek with her tears, and her heart forgot that it had ever owned a former lord.

The *Marquis*, made sensible by this proof of her affection, was much affected, and taking her hand, in a feeble voice said, "And can my adored wife forgive me? Oh! ELIZA! this dear, this trembling hand, which for the last time I press to my lips. I found, when it was too late, you had been consigned to me by a father, whose judgment so far misled him, that he thought riches would insure the happiness of his daughter; I, blinded by the passionate love I felt for you, snatched the prize which had it been (what I then thought it was) your voluntary gift, kingdoms, had I possessed them, would, I should have thought, have been too little to have given. Your tears, your sighs, soon after I married you, convinced me that I was deceived, and the bliss of being united to you, was corroded by the cold indif-

ference which you shewed me. A happy rival I knew I had ; in that heart I would have died, to have had all my own. It was not that I could be so base, as to have a thought depreciating of my much loved ELIZA, as I knew your principle to be too good, and your mind too exalted ; but it was of your heart I was jealous, as in that heart I would only have reigned. ELIZA, hard fate is mine, that it is only at the hour of my death, which is fast approaching, that you are fated to know my real character. Know then, I would have had you placed confidence, and told me, 'ere the fatal knot was tied, that you loved another ; the *Marquis de Belgardé* would have been *Eliza Mortimore's* friend, not her husband. Happy for me it is not yet too late to be the former, and to recompence you, for the years of misery you have passed with me. Live for your *Eugene* ! Ah ! that name, which to your breast brings transport, to mine brings agony ! The man who loves you, consigns you to the man

whom you love ; and may hours, days, and years of happiness be your portion ; all the riches I possess, which lured you to your misery, are yours—are his !”

ELIZA could only express what she felt, (on what the *Marquis* had said) by tears ; which when she recovered from, she clasped him to her bosom. “ Oh God !” said she, “ Spare the life of my husband, the father of my sweet innocent child, who now sleeps in the grave ; no other shall ever supply your place in my heart, which from your present generous conduct, is yours ; you have not been cruel, it is I—I that have been to blame ; who not knowing the nobleness of soul, never until this moment loved you as I ought, and whatever my sufferings have been, they have not been sufficient punishment, for daring to take a solemn oath in the presence of my Maker, that I loved you, when I had one thought of another ; but my good, my dear generous husband, ELIZA’S heart is

still all your own. Live for my sake, or my death shall expiate the crime I have been guilty of, by not loving you and prizing your heart and many virtues as I ought."

"Too late is come those sweet words" said the *Marquis*, with a deep sigh—with that sigh went a prayer for her happiness. "The resemblance of my ELIZA's angelic self, is gone before me. I shall go to my child, my ELIZA's daughter—that thought will soothe me in the hour of death! One parting kiss, and then farewell for ever.

The *Marquis*, owing to the agitation of mind he had suffered, brought on his fever still more violent than ever; and in the evening, after ELIZA arrived at the *chateau*, he died.

ELIZA who was of a very delicate constitution, in a few days after the *Marquis*, was taken ill. The loss of the *Marquis*, and of her child, whose death she never

was informed of until her return home, preyed on her spirits; the shock was too great—and the same fever the *Marquis* had, brought ELIZA to an untimely grave.

Sir Edward Mortimore spent the remainder of his days in regretting that he had, though unintentionally, been the cause of bringing his ELIZA to an untimely grave.

Helen, as soon as her spirits recovered the shock of ELIZA's death, married *Edwin Meadows*; and *Edwin's* sister *Matilda*, chose a monastic life. *Sir William Mortimore* and his wife lived very happy, as the amiable conduct of *Lady Mortimore*, insured the regard of *Sir William*; and he became a tender and an affectionate husband.

Poor *Eugene*, who had too much sensibility for his peace, survived but a short time after he lost his ELIZA; all his happiness was buried in her grave. He

would walk with *Helen* to ELIZA's monument, and say with the tears standing in his eyes, "Under this stone sleeps my ELIZA ! This tree sounds over her grave ; does she speak in these rustling leaves ? When the winds of the desert rise, alas ! I think I hear her voice, she says, come *Eugene*, I am happy, I sleep in peace ; no cruel husband now disturbs my repose, my eyes are closed ; they seek not an adored object, who for love of gain, I plunged into despair. Prepare to meet me in eternal bliss ; I shall tell thee, that I have found all that peace, happiness, and tranquillity I never found in that world, I have early escaped from." Then would he say in a frantic manner, " ELIZA is no more ! Those lovely eyes are closed by death ! Each look which spoke mildness, serenity and love, every heavenly expression was seen in that lovely countenance, which boards and earth now hide from my enraptured gaze ! She calls again ! Oh ! *Helen !*" would he say, " A short time,

and I join my ELIZA ! It will not be long, that the grave shall separate us ; under this tree let me be laid ! Here is the leaf which last night fell in my bosom ; ah ! here it is, I will kiss it, it was sent by my ELIZA."

Helen used all her eloquence to make him return home ; she very rightly perceived that his brain was disordered. The next night after this conversation, poor *Eugene* was no where to be found, and only *Helen* suspected what had happened. She ran with *Edwin* to the tomb of ELIZA, her foreboding heart had presaged all ; her fears were realized. She found *Eugene* senseless on the tomb of ELIZA ! She had him conveyed home, and every means were used to revive him, as she thought he had only fainted. But, alas ! his spirit had taken its flight to those blessed regions, where no sorrow is.

Happy for the *Marquis*, that he did not live to hear the dreadful intelligence, and to hear the sad end of the victim of his jealousy.

The unfortunate ELIZA, born with every quality to have made, and been happy in the marriage state, sacrificed every prospect of happiness to ambition; and ELIZA is a striking instance, that though wealth may conduce, it never yet has rendered any one compleatly happy.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

TIBSON, Printer, No. 7, Westminster-Bridge-Road, Lambeth.

ELEGY

On the Death of SIR WILLIAM JONES, in India,

One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

*Written by R. COOKSEY, Esq. and inserted by his
Sister, as a tribute of affection in remembrance of a
dear departed Brother.*

“ **Y**E groves of Aden, 'mid your blooming shades,
“ No more your gale-perfuming odours shed,
“ Cherish the *cypress* through your long-drawn glades,
“ The poet dear to ev'ry muse is dead.

“ No more let *Maia*, *Solima* no more,
“ Beneath your shades the sprightly dances lead,
“ May your choice trees, which *Amber* wept before,
“ Droop to their fall, or noxious juices bleed:

“ For ah ! no common *shade* hath passed “ that bourne
“ From which no traveller hath yet return'd ;”
“ No common loss his sad survivors mourn,
“ No common ashes have his friends in-urn'd.

- " Since you, sweet *Solima* † and *Maia* fair !
" (By him of late in verse immortal sung,)
" Who knew his talents, and his virtues rare,
" Mourn the last accents of his tuneful tongue.

" You will for him, throughout *Arabia's* coast,
" Add to its native sweets your fragrant sighs,
" The meed of *praise* your poet valu'd most,
" And *thus* embalmed his spirit seeks the skies.

" Dear to each tribe, on *India's* fertile plain,
" By Gangès lav'd, who erst equal wonder saw,
" A stranger's hand their neighbour's wrong restrain,
" * In their own language heard the *British* law.

† Vide Jones's poems, "*Solima*," an Arabian poem, in the personage of *Solima*, was pourtrayed the character, the amiable beneficent character of the Countess Dowager Spencer.

Maia, though in the above eclogue is considered as a nymph in the second poem, " The palace of fortune,

" Young *Maia* the fairest of the blue ey'd maids,

" That rov'd at noon in Thibets bushy shades"

was in the Indian mythology, deemed the mother of the loves .
Fines's translation of the Persian ode to *Camdeo*.

* I was informed by a gentleman that was present, that nothing could exceed the surprize of the natives, when they heard their language spoke by an English judge immediately on his arrival in Bengal, they heard it also with joy, since before this, they had been subject to the misinterpretation of an interpreter.

“ The sacred scale of justice would he hold,
“ With hand impartial should the world combine,
“ To force, or bribe him with Bokara's gold,
“ On the bright treasure's of Golconda's mine.

“ Say, O ye *Brahmins*! or ye mild *Gentoos*!
“ Did e'er he 'gainst your Tenets lift his arm?
“ Did e'er laws force controul your holy views?
“ He knew your *Faith*, but would not break the
“ charm.

“ Say, did he ever with a scornful eye
“ Behold you bath'd in Ganges' holy flood?
“ Say, O ye *Brahmins*! was he ever nigh
“ Your meals innoxious, and has mock'd your
“ food.

“ If the fell robber roam'd the frighted plain,
“ Or fear of murderers broke the shepherd's sleep,
“ His was, you know, a salutary reign,
“ Justice and mercy their vigils keep.

* The waters of the Ganges being deemed holy, the natives are continually bathing in that river, which they consider a duty of their religion.

† The Brahmins, from religious principles, believing in transmigration of souls abstain from all animal food.—They use many ceremonies in preparing their vegetable meals, and consider themselves for a time polluted, if they are even seen at them, by natives who from crimes have lost their CAST, or rights of tribe, who are called Holichors or Halachors.

" Long will his memory, holy tribe! be dear,
" To you, who felt his justice, knew his worth,
" Add then, to Ganges' holy stream, a tear,
" Grant him a portion of your sacred earth*.

" Long was he deem'd in Britain's distant isle,
" The most enlighten'd of men;"†
" A friend of each virtue, science,—foe of guile.
" We ne'er shall see his like again."

" In those bright regions where the bless'd repose,
" His spirit must exult in bliss divine;
" Whose death excited bounteous *Spencer's* woes,
" While lovely *Devon's* tears bedew'd his shrine.

" To these all honors which the good can claim,
" Lamented JONES, the good with rapture give,
" Silent be verse, which shall presumptuous aim,
" T'increase that fame which in thy own must
" live."

* The earth washed by the Ganges is deemed sacred.

† Dr. Samuel Johnson's opinion of him.



